

THE END
FOR LITHUANIA!

SPECIAL SPRING BOOKS ISSUE

NATIONAL REVIEW

WHERE'S MY SUBSIDY?

**All That's
Funded Is Not Art**

Henry J. Hyde

**Are We Leaving
the U.S. Defenseless?**

**What Congress
Doesn't Know
About Higher Taxes**



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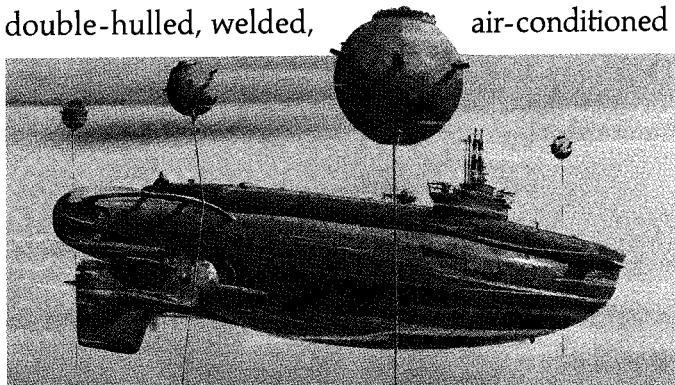
His poetically named "Boat No. 1" was hauled to the Passaic River by 16 stallions for testing. It stuck in the mud, it leaked, but it came back up.

John Holland invented the first submarine accepted by the U.S. Navy. Amazed reports said, "She goes like a fish and dives better than one."

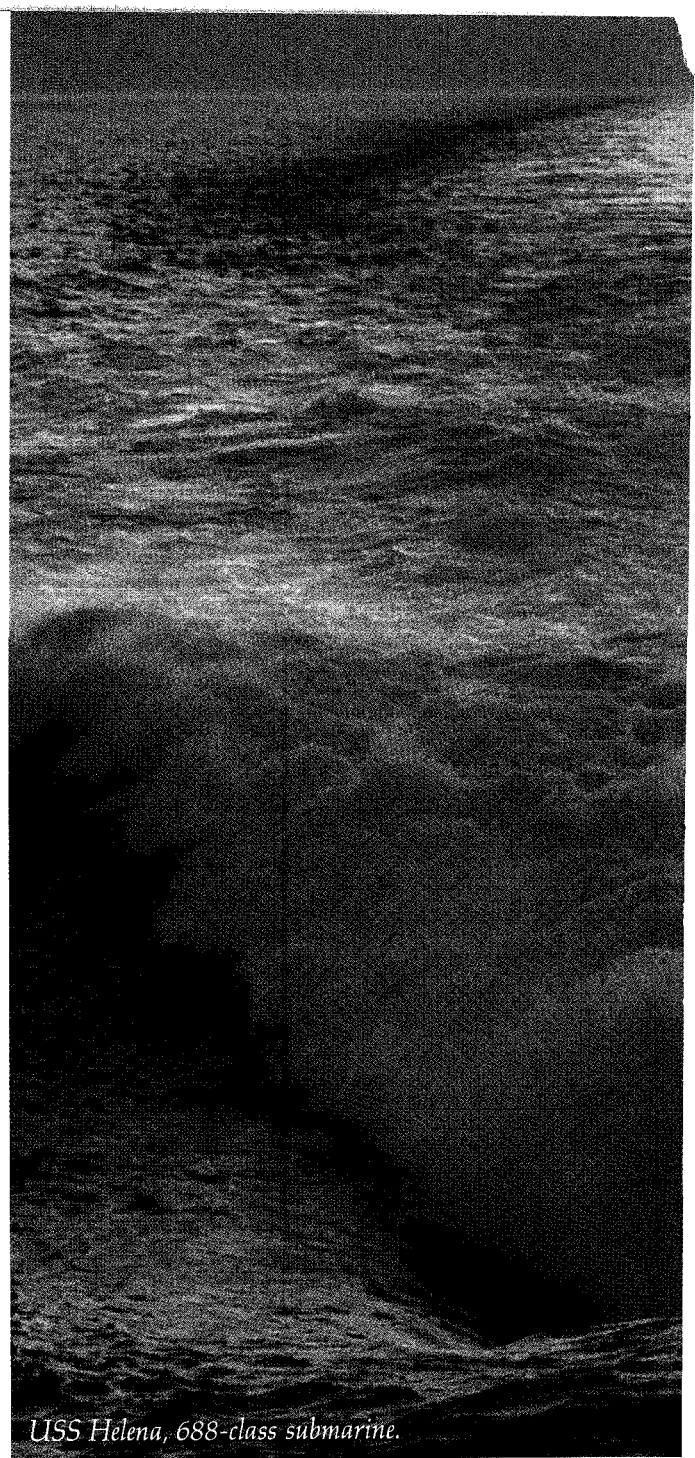
To us, the only thing more remarkable than the submarine itself was the courage of the submariner. Something that's still true today.

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Running silent as well as deep became possible in 1933, when Electric Boat launched Cuttlefish, the first double-hulled, welded, air-conditioned



All WWII fleet submarines were based on Cuttlefish, the first submarine to be welded, rather than riveted, and a technical milestone.

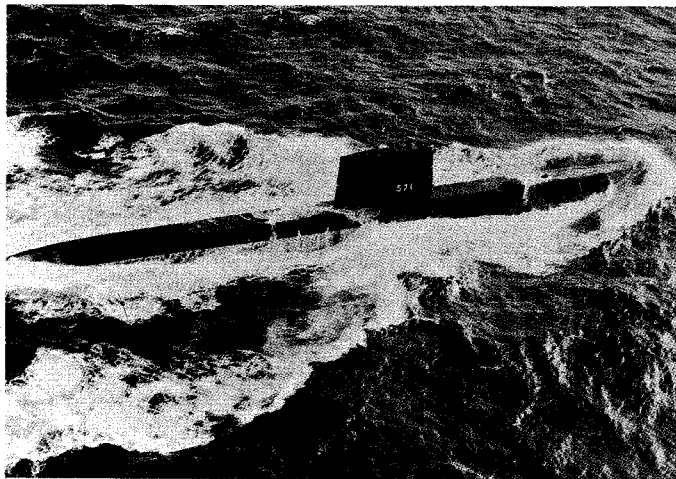


USS Helena, 688-class submarine.

submarine. She was the prototype for all World War II Navy fleet submarines.

But it was on January 17, 1955, that we introduced the most dramatic improvement in submarines since John Holland and Boat No. 1. It was Nautilus, the world's first atom-powered vessel. And in an astonishing adventure, she became the first submarine to sail under the North Pole.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 30, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 8

Cover Story

25 *The Culture War*

The debate over federal funding of obscene art, argues **Henry J. Hyde**, is central to defining our nation. Does it matter what we *do* with our freedom?

Articles

20 *On the Scene*

Radek Sikorski visits the next Soviet hotspot, Western Ukraine—the other area the USSR picked up via the Hitler–Stalin pact. . . . Illinois conservatives have struck fear into the hearts of the pro-tax state GOP, notes **John R. Coyne Jr.** . . . **Steve Mast** finds our Afghan policy stalled at a crossroad.

28 *Divvying Up the Peace Dividend*

As we enter the post-cold-war world, Republicans are debating our defense needs while Democrats—and other Republicans—squabble over pork pie, observes **William McGurn**.

31 *Confronting the Russian Bear*

Juris Kaza describes the tragicomic Lithuanian struggle for independence. Back in the U.S., **John P. Roche** distinguishes between prudence and moral bankruptcy.

34 *The Great Surplus of 1999*

How can we close the federal budget deficit without a tax increase? Patience, counsels **Lawrence B. Lindsey**.

37 *Nelson Mandela, Freed*

Linda Bridges analyzes the lay of the South African land: blacks in the future, like whites in the past, must decide between monopolizing power and sharing it.

39 *Containment Works*

If we keep up the pressure, argues **Norman B. Hannah**, the dominoes will keep falling the right way—all the way to Moscow.

Cover photographer: Bruce Caines, assisted by Janet Maya
Hair and make-up: James Perez for Thom Tamblyn, Inc.
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Spring Books

- 42 Andrei Gromyko's *Memoirs* are a boring account of a fascinating life; **Adam B. Ulam** shows that Communism is responsible for both. . . . *Inside the PLO* is about as trustworthy as its subject, complains **Daniel Pipes**. . . . Robert Elegant stuns **Jack D. Kirwan** with his remarkable regional survey, *Pacific Destiny*. . . . **Joe Mysak** finds Robert A. Caro's account of LBJ's dishonest rise appropriately heavy-handed. . . . Michael Barone discusses recent American political history intelligently in *Our Country*, though **Joseph Sobran** has a few complaints. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** praises *Tenured Radicals*, wherein Roger Kimball proves that today's professors would rather preach Marx than pursue truth. . . . In *Defending the Declaration*, Gary T. Amos argues—to **Matthew Scully's** delight—that the Founders really believed in self-evident truths. . . . **George J. Marlin** finds Michael Coren's *Gilbert: The Man Who Was G. K. Chesterton* an insightful biography in the tradition of, well, Chesterton. . . . **M. D. Aeschliman** is enlightened by A. N. Wilson's beautiful biography of C. S. Lewis. . . . **George McCartney** deems *The Homestead* by Chilton Williamson Jr. an intriguing portrayal of how even Americans must come to terms with their past. . . . **J. O. Tate** is sorely disappointed by Thomas Pynchon's *Vineland*.

Sections

- 4 *Letters*
7 *From the Editor*
8 *On the Record*
10 *The Week*
40 *help*
48 *Random Notes*
54 *Right Books*
60 *Trans-O-Gram*
62 *On the Right*
64 *Off the Record*



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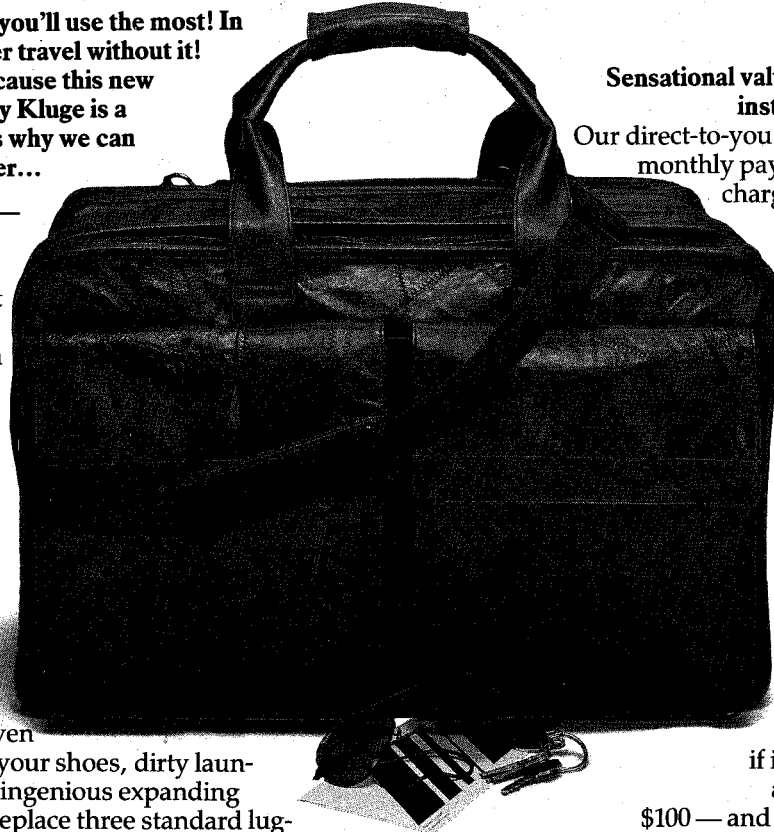
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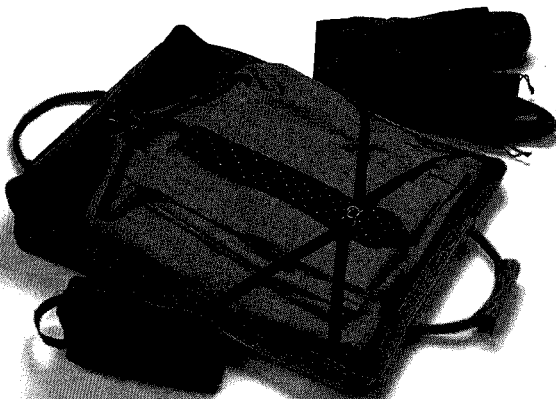
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Remembering Armenia

Cato is usually on the mark, but his glib putdown of Senator Dole for his efforts to make April 24 a day of remembrance of the Armenian genocide sounded more like a Turkish public-relations release than the thoughts of a serious journalist ["Off the Record," April 1].

Cato should know that there have been many massacres in all parts of the world, but that "genocide" is the only word to describe the official policy of the Ottoman Turkish government in exterminating 1.5 million of their minority Christian citizens between 1915 and 1923. To any impartial student of this era it is obvious that the systematic elimination of the Armenians by the Ottoman Turks is directly comparable to the organized barbarity of the Nazis, who killed six million Jews during World War II.

Cato refers to "a massacre that did not involve America." There are over one million Armenian-Americans, including such distinguished persons as Vartan Gregorian, President of Brown University, Governor George Deukmejian of California, Michael Arlen, Eric Boghossian, Kirk Kerkorian, Cher, and even ace relief pitcher Steve Bedrosian, to name a few who have contributed a great deal to our country.

Of course Cato is correct in saying that the present Turkish government is an important ally (one of America's largest foreign-aid beneficiaries). So are the perpetrators of the Holocaust, the Germans. The difference is that whereas the new Federal Republic of Germany accepted the onus of collective guilt by denouncing the previous regime before the eyes of the world, the seventy-year denial of the Armenian genocide by the Turkish government remains one of history's most haunting falsehoods.

J. W. Little
Water Mill, N.Y.

Tunnel Vision

David Horowitz has yet to put behind him the intellectual habits of his New Left days. His diatribe against the merging of leftism and Green hysteria ["Making the Green One Red," March 19] is admirable in its intent and its underlying

logic. As before, however, Horowitz is still a Manichean.

He still has a bent in the direction of traditional Stalinist polemical methods when he labels Murray Bookchin a totalitarian. This is preposterous. It is, in fact, to abuse the language to write of him in this manner. Bookchin is a libertarian of the anarchist stripe whose concept of "remaking society" is purely voluntaristic and non-compulsory. His polemic from the 1960s, "Listen, Marxist!" has done more to combat totalitarianism than a thousand David Horowitzes could accomplish if each had a thousand lifetimes. And Bookchin, who never joined the camp of blind anti-U.S. hatred, wrote in criticism of Marxism while Horowitz was assuring us all of the good intentions of Hanoi.

Stephen Schwartz
San Francisco, Calif.

Animals, Animals, Animals

You say in "Beastly Idea" ["The Week," April 1] that any rights animals enjoy would "of necessity be man-made." I am sorry to inform you that it is just that arrogant attitude that has put animals into the plight they "enjoy" today. Animals have *one* God-given right—of that later.

I am an animal advocate not because it is chic, as you say, but because I have been so all my life and, up to now, afraid to say so because I was labeled "weird," even by my father. Now that I know I am not alone, I am encouraged to speak

out and become active to end all, yes *all*, suffering.

In the first place, to borrow your words, it does not matter if animals "recognize" each other's rights. Did not Jesus forgive our sins to each other? Is not recognizing the sanctity of all life, whether each species also does, a parallel of that? Your idea of having to "police" the entire animal kingdom only reveals how little you actually grasp of the animal advocates' position.

The whole idea is to live and let live. When you clear away all the specious, fallacious, ill-thought-out arguments of cold-hearted people, you finally realize that the animal, any animal, has only one right—to live out its life as its Creator intended. Our Creator did not intend for animals to be captive, confined, experimented on, worn, eaten, or abused in any way. More and more Christians churches are coming around to see that respect for animal life is Biblical and changed *only* because of man's fallen nature.

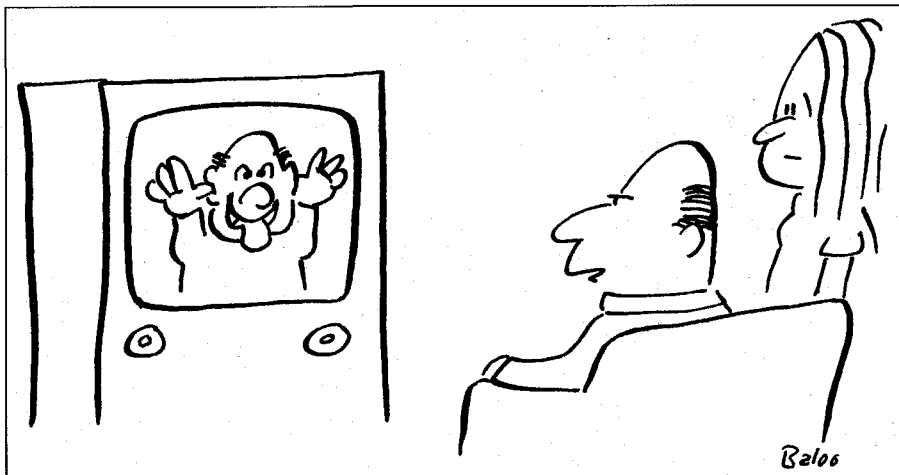
Patricia Durbin Hotz
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Privatizing God

The literate agnostic is resolutely set on a course of doubt; namely, doubting that the Christian God exists. But the agnostic also believes. He believes in himself, and in what he can discern. Agnosticism is really phenomenology. It must accommodate perceived evidence above all things.

In practical living this becomes positivistic materialism. But since, as John Wauck convincingly argues ["Paganism, American Style," March 19], spiritual realities truly do exist, this system must eventually imbue material with spiritual qualities. Thus the agnostic evolves into the transcendentalist.

Materialism is reborn as New Age. In doing this it conflates all spiritual efful-



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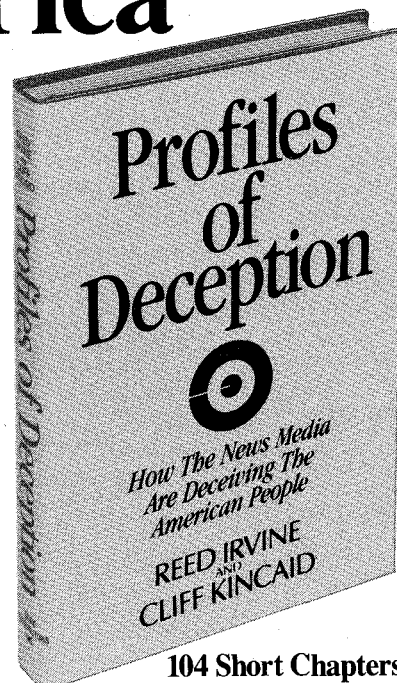
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gences as powers of God and posits them as emanating from Creation. Man in nature becomes God as he learns to focus these transcendental forces.

Scientific or not, this is the dream of the demigod; and it is indeed ancient, as C. S. Lewis knew quite well. The Bible recounts it in the "myth" of Adam and Eve. "Ye shall be as gods." In our attempted rejection of the Bible, the myth returns. A specter is haunting the West. It is the specter of the New Age.

We are all of necessity believers. The question is not whether we believe, but in whom or what.

Al Sullivan
Jackson, Miss.

Institutional Art

As a member of the National Council on the Arts, advisory council of the National Endowment for the Arts, I understand the concerns of the powerful and well-connected arts community, uncompromising in its claim for absolute freedom for artists. But I am anguished by the pain of Christians rightly offended by seeing federal funds spent to ridicule their faith ["Art, by George," "The Week," April 16].

The final solution is to eliminate those few programs that precipitate conflict between two rights—the right of artists to do their work without restriction, and the right of all citizens, including Chris-

tians, to be free of government finance of views on religion, pro or con. This we may accomplish by restricting NEA grants to institutions and activities in which that conflict simply cannot arise, such as orchestras, ballet companies, opera and musical theater, folk arts, and the like, and eliminating individual grants made personally to artists and writers as such.

Jacob Neusner
Princeton, N.J.

Political References

On first reading, Lawrence Person's review ["All the History That's Fit to Slant," March 19] seemed to have a rather thin-skinned tone, as if civil rights and feminism were already sore points with him. Analyzing the review against *The New York Public Library Desk Reference* itself, however, I was left partly agreeing with Mr. Person and partly feeling that he did what he had to do as a reviewer faced with a well-done and nearly blameless work—he nipped.

It is true that the list of important dates in American history leaves out all of the Presidents' birth dates, but eight pages before that list is another list entitled "Presidents of the United States," which includes birth and death dates for each, as well as terms served. This is immediately followed by a list of Vice Pres-

idents of the United States containing the same information.

Throughout the *NYPLDR* there are lists of important composers, authors, architects, etc., included in the various subject sections. I found with their respective subjects most of the people that Mr. Person missed in the important-date listing, but still, alas, no Irving Berlin. Thomas Edison does receive his due four times in a list of significant inventions. Perhaps the reason that so many feminists and civil-rights leaders were included in the important-date list was that there simply was no place else to put them.

Given the size of the *NYPLDR*, the editors had to draw the line somewhere. Elvis Presley's death, along with John Lennon's, and natural disasters such as the Mount St. Helens eruption seems to have been that line. For a large work trying to bring together vast amounts of information, I think *The New York Public Library Desk Reference* does a pretty good job of it.

Mr. Person should spend a bit more time looking at the broad picture before homing in on a few small details to go on about.

Mary Ann Walton
Librarian
Punta Gorda Public Library
Punta Gorda, Fla.



ADVICE AND DISSENT

They're contentious and contagious. They're the McLaughlin Group. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.

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The argument that there was "no place else to put" the birth dates in question is a copout. To use the same example as before, the 1990 World Almanac has a list of "Noted Social Reformers of the Past" that includes many of the names listed in the "Important Dates" section, and it would have been quite easy for the *NYPLDR* to include such a list, (though I'm willing to bet that certain "politically incorrect" figures that make the Almanac's list, like William McGuffey, would be mysteriously omitted). If I were to write up a list of "Important Dates" that included the births of Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan, Russell Kirk, and William F. Buckley Jr., but not of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King Jr., one could (quite rightly) accuse me of bias.

To argue that they had to "draw the line somewhere" is also quite specious, considering the *NYPLDR*'s inclusion of so many left-leaning protests. Both the Reagan tax cut and the Mount St. Helens eruption had far more effect on the lives of the American people than did marches for the ERA and against draft registration (both of which, it might be noted, had zero effect on legislation or public policy). The only line being drawn here is one of political preference.

—LP

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FROM THE EDITOR

The Last 'Hear, Hear'?

■ LONDON; WARSAW—Has Mrs. Thatcher lost the Mandate of Heaven? High inflation and the high interest rates imposed to halt it have caused widespread discontent. Almost everyone dislikes the new poll tax. Labor is way ahead in the opinion polls, which allege Mrs. Thatcher is the most unpopular prime minister since polling began. And in the wings stands Mr. Michael Heseltine, unemployed Man of Destiny, ready to rescue his party from certain death at a moment's notice. All he needs is the Call.

Ah, that elusive Call. Not many are called, and even fewer are chosen. A British prime minister commanding a secure majority in the House of Commons who keeps his nerve is almost impossible to dislodge. Mrs. Thatcher enjoys such a majority and, as C-Span confirms twice weekly, a steady nerve. Odds must be that she will fight the next election as prime minister.

But will she win it? That will depend, above all else, on the British economy. Long before July 1992, high interest rates should have brought inflation down from 8 per cent to something like 5 per cent. When inflation falls, interest rates follow. And the Thatcher record of eight continuous years of economic growth is likely to be sustained, albeit at a slower pace.

But will discontent with the poll tax shrink with good times? Maybe not. Local councils, which piled on spending knowing the blame could be shifted onto the government's new tax, have set it at very high rates. And where old burdens are merely grumbled over, new ones are bitterly resented. All this may be, like life itself, very unfair, but the political inference is clear: lighten the tax's burden.

That done, Mrs. Thatcher could face elections with some confidence. The Thatcher years have been good for the British people. Outside the resentful ranks of the metropolitan "chattering classes" (Britain's own *nomenklatura* living disproportionately off the state and subsidized sectors), there is

enormous latent support for her brand of Toryism. All she needs is time and a little luck to bring that support out.

■ Of course, Mrs. Thatcher could always move to Poland, where she would be elected to anything she wanted by acclamation. Like President Reagan but even more so, she is seen both as a catalyst of last year's transfer of power and as the inspiration of the Solidarity government's free-market reforms now, quite literally, delivering the goods.

Warsaw is one big bazaar in which everything unavailable under Communism is thrust at you in shops, markets, and makeshift street stalls. Lines and shortages have vanished. The monthly rate of inflation has fallen from 40 to 4 per cent in two months. And though unemployment is rising and living standards have fallen by 25 per cent as subsidies were withdrawn, none of the predicted strikes and disorders have materialized. For there is now an incentive to work that didn't exist before: you can buy something with your earnings.

Reform's second stage, privatization, has just been launched. The Marriott Hotel, Middle America in *Mittleuropa*, is full of Western entrepreneurs in search of investment opportunities. But a kind of micro-privatization is already in train. As subsidies fall and customers grow choosy, state companies sell off bits of themselves to keep going. Thus the percentage of trucks in private hands has risen from 30 to 50 per cent since January.

Most encouraging of all is the far-sighted courage of the new ministers. They told the people that the early stages of reform would be painful, and so the pain has been generally accepted. Except by Western journalists.

"They ask me whether there shouldn't be a Third Way between capitalism and socialism," the finance minister told me. "I reply: 'Great idea. Why don't you try it?'"

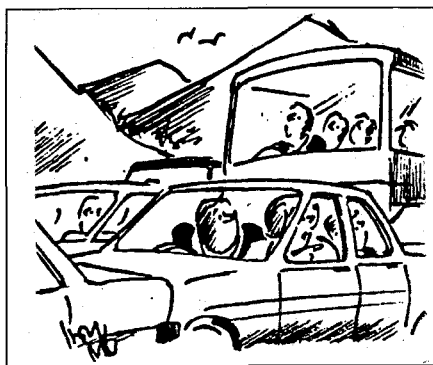
—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

■ And **Madeleine Kunin** makes three. Having read the polls, Gov. Kunin of Vermont has decided against running again, which puts Republican former Gov. **Richard Snelling** well ahead in gubernatorial race. Gov. Kunin follows **Michael Dukakis** and Connecticut's **William O'Neill**—both of whom leave their states broke—in pulling out. . . . Republicans everywhere stunned that former Sens. **Paul Laxalt** and **Barry Goldwater** are sponsoring fundraising event for former Sen. **Lowell Weicker**, now running for governor of Connecticut as independent. . . . Also shocking to GOP stalwarts, decision of Connecticut National Republican Committeewoman **Billie Boatright** to resign that post to work on Weicker campaign. . . . In Massachusetts, most recent *Boston Globe* survey shows conservative Republican gubernatorial contender **Steven Pierce** leading his more liberal primary opponent, **William Weld**, 46 to 21 per cent. Primary is in September. Weld has not ingratiated himself with Bay State conservatives by appointing **Stephen Tocco** to high position on campaign staff. Tocco sabotaged gubernatorial campaign of **Greg Hyatt** in 1986 by spreading rumors about his personal life. Attorney General **Frank Belotti**, who leads five-man Democratic field, fancies Weld as opponent. In their last encounter (a race for attorney general) Weld got only 21 per cent of the vote. . . . New Yorkers lost opportunity for spirited gubernatorial race when outspoken conservative former Ambassador **Evan Galbraith** was ruled out of race on a residence technicality. Prof. **Herbert London** of NYU, another outspoken conservative, could be Conservative Party candidate. . . . In California, Democratic Attorney General **John Van de Kamp** failed by two votes to get the 60 per cent of state Democratic delegates that would win him party's official endorsement in September primary against former San Francisco Mayor **Dianne Fein-**

stein. Winner will face Republican Sen. **Pete Wilson**.

■ In congressional races, March *Des Moines Register* poll shows little movement in Right v. Left Iowa senatorial contest. Democratic incumbent **Tom Harkin** (ADA 95) leads GOP Rep. **Tom Tauke** (ADA 25), 51 to 40 per cent. Tauke has moved up just three points since December. . . . Decision of **George Crockett** (D., Mich.) to retire is good news. Crockett has been a key booster of Communist regimes in Cuba and Nicaragua along with other Black Caucus members **Charles Rangel** (D., N.Y.) and **Ron Dellums** (D., Calif.). . . . Not making things better: embattled Rep. **Gus Savage** (D., Ill.), criticized by Democratic National Chairman **Ron Brown**, among others, for anti-Semitic remarks at recent campaign rally, has taken to referring to Brown as "Ron Beige." . . . In Indiana, GOP congressional candidate **Fred Ray**, frustrated by *Indianapolis Star* failure to mention his campaign, has tacked his list of nine grievances against the *Star* and its political editor, **Pat Traub**, to door of *Star* building. Traub was former press secretary to Ray's opponent, Democratic Rep. **Andrew Jacobs** (ADA 85).

■ The Left's four-city "Get Out of El Salvador" demonstration, March 24, pretty much of a fizzle. **Jesse Jackson** and **Ron Kovic** failed to show at



"Isn't that where Wordsworth wandered lonely as a cloud?"

Washington, D.C., blowout as did many of demonstrators CISPES expected. . . . Left is now turning its big guns on Panama invasion. Early April anti-Panama demonstration in New York featured former Attorney General **Ramsey Clark**, Congressmen **Charles Rangel** and **Mervyn Dymally** (D., Calif.), Roman Catholic Bishop **Thomas Gumbelton** of Detroit, and unsuccessful Mexican presidential candidate **Cuahtémoc Cárdenas**. Among signatories of petition condemning Panama action were actors **Ed Asner** and **Martin Sheen**. . . . Bad timing: Canadian former Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** chose an awards ceremony at Stanford University in late March to blast the United States. "The Soviets have set their satellites free," declared Trudeau (as Soviet tanks got the order to roll through Vilnius), "whereas the U.S., in utter contempt for the international law of nations, continues to determine what governments have its leave to stay in office in the Western Hemisphere and elsewhere in the world."

■ It's that time again: Enrollment in National Journalism Center summer internship program closes May 11. Program, which starts June 11, offers 12 weeks of practical training in research, writing, and editing plus working experience with professional journalists. Students receive \$100 a week. Contact: **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline**, NJC, 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. Phone: 202-544-1333. . . . Heritage Foundation has issued first annual "State of Conservatism" message. In it Heritage President **Edwin J. Feulner Jr.** calls for American conservatives to refocus on poverty, drug abuse, and other social problems, by which, he hastens to add, he doesn't mean "rearranging the deck chairs on the *Titanic* called the federal bureaucracy."

■ *MediaWatch* notes that **George McGovern** has finally seen the light. McGovern wishes he had had the experience he now has—he has been running a Connecticut hotel—before he ran for President in 1972. "I've got to pay the bank every month. . . . I've got to pay the state of Connecticut taxes. . . . It gives you a whole new perspective on what other people worry about."

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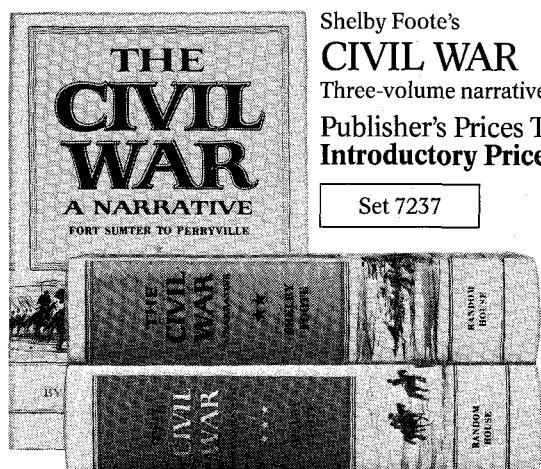
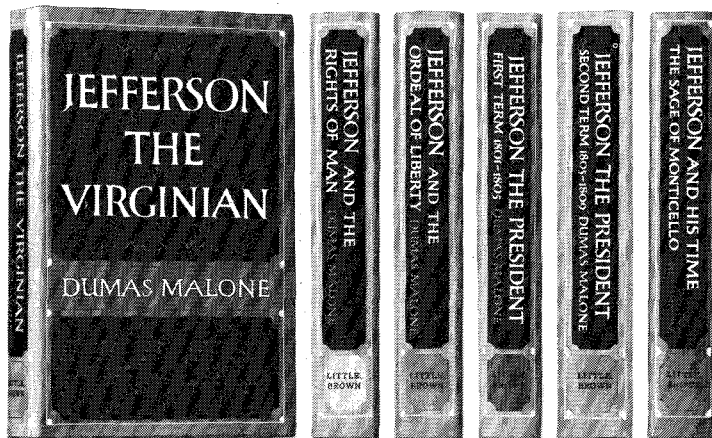
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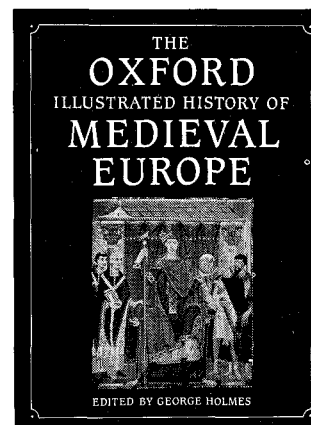
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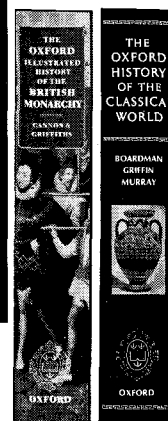
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THE WEEK

■ Representative George Crockett (D., Mich.), who never met a Communist he didn't like, from Soviets to Sandinistas, will not seek re-election. He leaves a gap which, we're afraid, will very shortly be filled.

■ An argument can be made for the Bush tightrope act where Lithuania and Gorbachev are concerned. What is difficult to defend is the President's failure to articulate America's ideals concerning freedom and self-determination. Indeed, the President might well have noted that the U.S. has never recognized the seizure of the Baltic states under the Hitler-Stalin Pact. This muteness about principle, coming on top of the two diplomatic missions to Peking, seems to reflect a failure by the Administration to understand that prudence and principle are not contradictory. Clearly the Bush Administration believes Gorbachev worth preserving, and the case for doing so is easily made—though it is also problematical [cf. "Lithuania: Death on the Installment Plan," p. 32]. Given the economic and political situation in the USSR, it is doubtful that any successor to Gorbachev would rebuild the Berlin Wall or invade Poland. But the failure of the Administration to proclaim our own principles leads to the suspicion that the Administration has a blank space where its soul ought to be.

■ The bill the taxpayers have to foot for Democratic fundraising in the Eighties is at least \$500 billion. That's the minimum cost of the savings-and-loan bailout, which continues to make the HUD affair look like a game of three-card monte. It was Democrats who doubled the federal insurance on S&L deposits, Democrats who stopped regulators from cracking down on the unsavory characters who exploited that "free money," and Democrats who overwhelmingly benefited from S&L political contributions. And while the first two Democrats to fall, House Speaker Jim Wright (Tex.) and Banking Committee Chairman Fernand St Germain (R.I.), could be written off as "old guard," the best and brightest are tainted too. House Majority Whip Tony Coelho (D., Calif.), whose revolution-ary fundraising helped the Democrats

maintain their iron grip on the House in the face of profound realignment, resigned from office rather than face a public inquiry into just what the *quid* was for that revolution's *quo*. The favors done by Senators Alan Cranston (D., Calif.) and Dennis DeConcini (D., Ariz.) for Charles Keating's Lincoln Savings (current estimated bailout cost: \$2 billion), a major source of funds for their respective political machines, are well known. The investigation of Florida's CenTrust Bank (e.b.c.: \$2.1 billion) has just started, but the appointment log of CenTrust head David Paul shows extensive contact with Senators Bob Graham (D., Fla.), John Breaux (D., La.), and John Kerry (D., Mass.), Representative Bill Nelson (D., Fla.), and many other Democrats (including Pamela Harriman, in connection with a fundraiser for Mario Cuomo), but none with Republicans. Paul's favorite in the early jockeying for the 1988 Democratic presidential nomination? Senator Joe Biden (Del.), whom you may remember as the man who saved the Constitution from Robert Bork.

■ Regulators seized control of CenTrust in February, claiming management had dissipated its funds by buying speculative bonds, art, yachts (including the *Bodacious*, the company's \$233,000 sailboat). Incidentally, David Paul, who stored CenTrust's \$30-million art collection in his home, likens his troubles with regulators to "the early 1930s in Germany." Paul's defenders include Richard Goodwin, former JFK and LBJ aide, who explains that "David has an acute social conscience" and is "a victim of a new regulatory climate," and Democratic super-pollster Pat Caddell, who believes "David got a very raw deal."

■ The budget woes afflicting New York's Mario Cuomo and New Jersey's Jim Florio (see "The Week," April 16) are general throughout the Northeast. Even flinty New Hampshire is looking at a shortfall of \$60



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million, which is almost 10 per cent of its budget. The states are coping with their problems in various ways: New Jersey is pushing for a more progressive income-tax rate; New Hampshire is considering imposing an income tax, though if the past is prologue, it will resist the temptation. One of the virtues of federalism is that we will have a chance to compare how they all make out. There is a larger point, worth pondering in Washington. New England especially, heavy with cutting-edge industries, floated on a national tide of prosperity in the Eighties. But a falling tide sinks all boats. A Congress and a White House disposed to clean the air, or protect American industries, should reflect that it can do nothing without imposing general economic costs, which pinch, not only in aggregate numbers, but in places like Concord, and Albany, and Trenton.

■ The Senate has passed a new Clean Air bill, 89 to 11. The Senate's bill is costlier than the version originally proposed by the White House (see "Clean Air, Hot Air," "On the Scene," April 1). Now it goes to the House, where some of the cost may be reduced, though not by much. The Senate admits to a price tag of \$21.5 billion annually, though doubling that is probably safe. Losers include: steel producers, who face interim costs of \$5 billion by 1995 and the closure of all coke ovens by 2020; automobile buyers, who will have to pay \$600 to \$800 more per car; Midwestern utilities, which may spend the equivalent of 15 per cent of revenues to cut sulphur-dioxide emissions; small businesses of all sorts (gas stations, dry cleaners) who won't be able to bear the costs; employees and customers of all of the above. Winners include: Dwayne Andreas and Archer-Daniels-Midland, if draconian fuel regulations lead to a boom in ethanol; foreign steel makers. Players whose status is still up in the air: Appalachian coal miners (will we boost their unemployment benefits?); Eastern trees (one study suggests that only 0.1 per cent of Eastern forests have suffered acid-rain damage).

■ A black alderman in Milwaukee, Michael McGee, is

trying to revive the Black Panthers as a militia. He says he will use it, too, unless the city meets his demands, e.g., a \$100-million jobs program. "We've done things the nonviolent way, and it hasn't gotten us anywhere," he told the *New York Times*. "The only way to get respect is to be willing to use violence." McGee hasn't said just whom his troops will fire upon, but the kind of respect he's earning is the kind that makes whites flee cities. "Our militia will be about violence," McGee says, just so nobody will miss his point. "I'm talking about actual fighting, bloodshed, and urban guerrilla warfare." Who knows, maybe when Milwaukee is another Detroit, McGee will be mayor of what's left.

■ On paper the trade agreement looks like a victory for the U.S. over Japan. They agree to open up their retailing system, boost public-works spending, and modify the cozy relationship between suppliers and distributors which prevents foreign goods from being marketed in Japan. The United States, for its part, has done little more than reaffirm existing Administration policy on education, savings, and the cost of capital. But Japan's apparent capitulation was less to the U.S. than to its own citizens. In the absence of imports, Japan forces its consumers to pay eight times what Americans pay for rice; to live in houses that are on average one-third the size of U.S. houses; to buy their goods at mom-and-pop operations with huge mark-ups because of the law, only recently changed, outlawing discount stores. Until the past few years, \$200 million in annual political contributions paid by Japanese corporations to the ruling Liberal Democratic Party effectively denied Japanese consumers a strong say in government. But the bribery scandals and the increasingly activist stance of Japan's long-suffering urban workers have loosened the alliance between Japan Inc. and the Japanese government. This seems to have accomplished what decades of economic diplomacy failed to do. But we wouldn't bet the store on it.

■ Pepsico is to expand its operations in the Soviet Union and will take out its profits in the form of Stolichnaya vodka and ships. What are we to make of this? Barter is a primitive system of exchange. It was replaced by money some millennia ago, because money enabled the seller to get what he wanted in exchange for the goods he was selling, not merely what the buyer happened to have on hand. The reappearance of barter in a deal of this size is one of many indications that money is disappearing in the primitive Soviet economy. Taxi drivers, to take another instance, routinely refuse to accept rubles. They accept dollars, which are fast becoming the real currency of the USSR. The Soviet government lags behind taxi drivers in this respect because a) it doesn't have many dollars, b) it fears that with true

Mrs. Thatcher Unravels

As Mr. Kohl's enormous bulk
Slipped into London like a hulk
Once common on the lower Thames,
The PM, whose annoyed "Ahem"s
Would bring the cabinet to heel,
Recalled tubercular Camille
When Garbo, coughing, carried on
With Robert Taylor, looking wan.

W. H. VON DREELE

dollar-ruble convertibility foreign investors could buy up the Soviet Union in an afternoon, and c) it won't be ready for that degree of humiliation for another few months. From the Soviet viewpoint, PepsiCo's deal is merely a transitional measure, as the Russian nobleman said when he threw his wife off the sleigh to divert the pursuing wolves. From PepsiCo's viewpoint, however, it is a Faustian bargain to make Soviet youth the Pepsi generation before a freer Soviet economy allows its competitors to invade the market and get paid in real money (i.e., dollars) to boot. But the downside risks are considerable. If the vodka and shipping markets slump badly enough, PepsiCo may even wish it had accepted rubles in the first place.

■ *New York Times* headlines, Monday, April 9: "RIGHT-WING CHRISTIAN PARTY TAKES CLEAR LEAD IN HUNGARIAN VOTING," "GREEK CONSERVATIVES FINISH FIRST BUT FAIL TO WIN MAJORITY OF SEATS," "VARGAS LLOSA LEADS, BUT FACES A RUNOFF." Bang, bang, bang: three elections, three setbacks for the Left. In Hungary the Communists, reigning supreme until a year ago, placed far back in the multi-party field, with just 8.5 per cent of the vote. The most conservative party placed first with a whopping 43 per cent. In Greece, Andreas Papatandreou's left-Socialist anti-American party, got only 124 seats to 150 for the conservative New Democracy Party. And in Peru, until recently a bastion of South American socialism, the novelist Mario Vargas Llosa, a Communist turned free-market capitalist, appeared to lead the field. It had been held as gospel that if and when Communism was defeated in the Soviet orbit the successor states would be socialist—that was the only form of government those people knew anything about. But familiarity bred contempt.

■ Ryan White has died of AIDS at 18, having devoted much of his all too short life to enlightening the public about this horrifying affliction. He was a brave boy, and nobody can be unmoved by his story. All the same, it was disingenuous for the AIDS lobby to adopt him as its cover boy. He contracted the illness from a blood transfusion that was being used to treat him for hemophilia. The lobby is loath to remark that he would never have gotten AIDS at all but for certain morbid patterns of behavior that have put even children at risk.

■ The American Catholic Bishops' Committee for Pro-Life Activities has hired a public-relations group (Hill & Knowlton) and a pollster (the Wirthlin Group) to carry its \$5-million anti-abortion campaign over the next few years. Needless to say, we hope the effort succeeds. But we confess to slight misgivings about this project, which has about it the curious air of substituting a bit of belated opinion engineering,

with the latest manipulative methods, for the sort of fearless preaching that should have been heard from the rooftops all along. Since when has the self-proclaimed Body of Christ needed to hire Madison Avenue to peddle the Gospel?

■ The Mongolian government pulled down its last statue of Joe Stalin, a fifty-foot granite affair. At night, lest it stir up some anti-Communist jeers.

■ The Russians *tried* to level a big metal statue of Lenin, but it was too much for their Communist-made crane.

■ There is practically nothing left of Hitler's Luftwaffe, but treasure hunters think some of it may be buried in Seymour, Indiana, and are going to start digging. Australia is trying to create a world market for cane-toad venom. The price of rubber chickens has soared 33 per cent in just three years. We don't make this stuff up, you know.

■ The Hyatt Regency hotel in Beaver Creek, Colorado, is looking for someone to sit by its huge campfire and tell stories. Senator Cranston comes to mind.

Seabrook A-borning

THE SEABROOK nuclear-power station, on the New Hampshire coast forty miles north of Boston, is inching its way up to full power. Later this year it will go into commercial operation.

This is a happy portent for Earth Day. Seabrook's generating capacity will replace 1,150 megawatts of power provided primarily by fossil fuels, reducing pollution that contributes to acid rain, to cancer, to birth defects, possibly to global warming, and certainly to our dependence on OPEC.

Although James Shannon, Attorney General of Massachusetts, probably counts himself a friend of the earth, he is still battling in the courts to yank Seabrook's operating license. In this, he is in the great tradition of Massachusetts politicians, who frequently act as if they were federal office-holders. Town meetings adopt resolutions on foreign policy; Michael Dukakis will not allow the Pentagon to decide whether Massachusetts National Guardsmen should serve in Honduras; and Shannon operates his own Nuclear Regulatory Commission. Perhaps he is bored with the lesser challenge of administering the laws of the People's Republic, where government corruption is unheard of, organized crime has gone the way of Irish snakes, and Boston is a crime-free zone. It's not as if he had any pressing local concerns.

Nuclear opponents began decades ago by claiming

that nuclear-power plants can explode like bombs. As the years have exploded this and many subsequent claims, the opponents have always found something new. The government of Massachusetts currently claims that the area around Seabrook, a popular beach resort, could not be evacuated during an accident. Not that it has taken part in planning an evacuation: it has acted in the spirit of the Aristotelian who refused to look through Galileo's telescope at the Jovian moons that could not be there. There is no reason for us laymen to side with Shannon against the experts of the NRC.

Shannon, Dukakis, and their allies have not killed Seabrook. But by helping force a construction period of 18 years they have made it far more expensive than necessary. And some hundreds of citizens have been killed by the pollution from coal and oil burned while waiting for Seabrook. The same can be said for Shoreham on Long Island, but because Mario Cuomo has been more effectively obstructionist, there the toll goes on.

The Environmental Thing

BY ANY MEASURE the environment is in better shape today than it was on Earth Day 1970. Emissions of sulphur dioxide—the substance implicated in acid rain—have fallen by 35 per cent. Auto tailpipe emissions are down by 96 per cent. Indeed, the air over Manhattan or even Los Angeles today is probably cleaner than, say, the air over Shelley's wood- and coal-burning London. But now, with the Clean Air bill, the Senate is telling us that our air is so filthy we have to spend an additional \$21 billion each year to clean it up.

Politicians obviously sense a deep reservoir of support for environmentalist legislation in the United States. They may be right, at least for now. But we suspect the environmentalist movement has, as economists say, entered the region of diminishing returns. The easy gains have been made; economic costs will increasingly outweigh the benefits. Already it is said that a good tune-up on the 10 per cent of cars responsible for 50 per cent of the auto pollution would cut carbon-monoxide emissions by more and at far lower cost than the state-of-the-art tailpipes mandated for all new cars in the Senate bill.

A recent study by Harvard economist Dale Jorgenson concluded that environmental regulations currently on the books lowered U.S. economic growth by 0.2 per cent per annum from 1973 to 1985, and that in the long run (after 1995) these regulations will result in a permanent 2.6 per cent reduction in GNP, roughly \$150 billion per year in today's dollars. Of course, lives saved by such measures are beyond valuation. But with the cost of health care, sanitation,

and police rising steadily, a little more prosperity would undoubtedly save far more lives.

Poindexter's Guilt, And Others'

WAY BACK IN 1987, John Poindexter told Congress and the nation: "The buck stops here with me." Three years and twenty million special prosecutor's dollars later, a jury ratified the former admiral's judgment, finding him guilty on five counts of deceiving Congress about the Iran arms sale and Ollie North's Contra-aid network.

These were both projects of which President Reagan approved in broad terms—and with reason. Iran was not only a lever in the hostage crisis, but a player in a tangled geopolitical situation (what country would we rather have take its place? The Soviet Union? Iraq?). The justice of the Contras' cause was ratified in the victory of Mrs. Chamorro. Yet congressional untrustworthiness (in the case of secret shipments to Iran) and congressional contumacy (in the case of the Contras) meant that if the Administration wanted to act, it would have to act alone. Poindexter took the hit for doing so.

Taking a hit means taking the consequences—all of them, including guilty verdicts. But an elementary sense of justice should have spurred Ronald Reagan to pardon the man who did what he so plainly wanted done. And should prompt George Bush to pardon him now.

Knowing So Little About So Much

NUMBED as we are by regular injections of data about the wretched performance of American schools, we can still feel the pain occasioned by the recent National Assessment results in history and civics. The youngsters know so little about so much that's so important, and we don't appear to be making headway in teaching them more.

The new "report cards" (based on 1988 testing of

Santa Anna's Revenge

They wade the river, then finesse the fence
Night after night, in numbers now so dense,
Demographers who plot this lethal trend
Predict a Babel by the decade's end.

W. H. VON DREELE

national samples of fourth-, eighth-, and 12th-graders) touched three sore points.

First, the basic information that few have acquired. Just half the eighth-graders know that the U.S. is a representative democracy, and only a quarter can identify Lincoln's principal objective in fighting the Civil War. Barely half of the high-school seniors know that religious freedom is a constitutional right or that presidential candidates are nominated by party conventions. And so forth and so on.

Second, students' puny ability to marshal such knowledge as they do possess. One of the "open-ended" questions in civics gave them 15 minutes to write a mini-essay describing the primary responsibilities of the President. Just 19 per cent of 12th-graders crafted a good answer, and only 40 per cent more wrote a passable one. More than two out of five answered inadequately—and these are mostly 18-year-olds eligible to vote. A similar history question asked them to explain differences in presidential power between Washington's time and the present. Just 40 per cent "passed," and only one in ten wrote a commendable response.

Third, the woefully lax standards by which even these dismaying results were tallied. National Assessment reports tabulate only the actual answers given. Yet significant numbers of students supplied no responses at all. Was it because they knew so little they could not even attempt an answer? And on the "open-ended" items, some answers were judged satisfactory that were not. For example, one "acceptable" essay trying to define democracy included the sentence, "Everyone can vote if they meet regulation [*sic*] for what they believe in." (This was included among the specimens displayed in a draft of the civics report, but was dropped from the published version. Yet it still counted in the data tabulations.)

"It's hard to avoid the irony," commented Chester E. Finn Jr., chairman of the National Assessment Governing Board. "From Poland to Nicaragua, from Peking to Berlin, from Lithuania to Azerbaidzhan, we have witnessed people struggling to attain the freedom, the political rights, and the democratic self-government that have characterized the United States. We now see that we are failing to imbue our own children with appreciation for this heritage."

A Memo to the President

Memo to: George Bush

From: Niccolò Machiavelli

Re: The Baltic States

"A prince is also respected when he is a true friend and a true enemy; that is, when he declares himself on the side of one prince against another without any

reservation. Such a policy will always be more useful than that of neutrality . . ."

"And it will always happen that he who is not your friend will request your neutrality and he who is your friend will ask you to declare yourself . . . Irresolute princes, in order to avoid the present dangers, follow the neutral road most of the time, and most of the time they are ruined."

"Nor should any state ever believe that it can always choose safe courses . . . for we never try to avoid one disadvantage without running into another."

The Lessons of Yugoslavia

YUGOSLAVIA, long regarded as the most advanced nation in Central Europe, suddenly finds itself, because it has done no advancing over the last six months, left very far behind. So the problems it faces [see "Slouching toward Sarajevo?" "On the Scene," March 19] have not gotten much ink. This is a mistake, for Yugoslavia is in many ways a small-scale laboratory for the Soviet Union: a multi-ethnic society run by "reform Communists." Interestingly, they have made a botch of things.

Tito originally promised that, by downplaying national identities and suppressing them when necessary, socialism would produce a New Man. Serbs and Croats would lie down as ethnic lions and rise up as proletarian lambs. But Yugoslavia abandoned this strict Communist theory very early in the game, by erecting a truly Byzantine system of multi-regional government and by encouraging all manner of folk festivals and whatnot—all the while swiftly squelching any genuinely centrifugal tendencies. Even so, the compromise failed. The unhappy component peoples hate each other as much as they did in 1945.

Only in a free society, where people encounter each other in a multiple array of economic and social contacts, while still being free to maintain private ethnic institutions of their own, does ethnicity take a back seat. There are no pogroms in America or Canada, even though there are lots of ethnics. Communism is incapable of managing this problem, whether it arises in the Balkans or in the Caucasus.

A second lesson of Yugoslavia is that reform Communism is a failure. What Gorbachev has tried for five years, Belgrade has been experimenting with for decades: *perestroika* (worker-managed factories), *glasnost* (small, and fluctuating, instances of intellectual freedom). It doesn't work. The symbol of the Yugoslavian economy is the Yugo, a tin can masquerading as a car. The symbols of Yugoslavian liberty are the crackdowns that occur whenever dissatisfaction is expressed too bluntly. Tito and his heirs had smaller problems than Gorbachev, and more time to solve them. Their failure bodes ill for him.

In the short run, as the party breaks up, it is hard to see how Yugoslavia will avoid becoming at least three separate countries—Slovenia, Croatia, Serbia—and perhaps more. This prospect should lead us to the third Yugoslavian lesson: that the borders of the postwar world are not inscribed in stone.

Diplomats insist that they are, for the obvious reason that previous tussles over borders led to two world wars. And indeed, it still seems wise to insist that no European nation should expect to acquire new territory. Since there is no equitable way to draw a border through Transylvania, Hungary and

Rumania should simply accept the border that exists. But there is no just reason for insisting that every nation of Central and Eastern Europe stay in one piece. Yugoslavia is a failure. So is the Soviet Union.

If a real European confederation—not the bureaucrats' playground dreamed of in Brussels, but a free-trade European home—ever becomes a reality, potentially independent nations like Slovenia, or Armenia, will find a benign economic and political framework into which to fit themselves. More benign, surely, than the multinational prisons in which they now languish.

RIGHT DATA

The Other Path

A SOCIAL-SECURITY system lurching from crisis to crisis as unprecedented inflation pushes benefits up while high unemployment holds payroll taxes down: sound familiar? Both the U.S. and Chile confronted these problems in the early 1980s. The U.S. responded by increasing the role of the government, while Chile became the first nation in the world to dismantle a social-security system through sweeping privatization.

In the U.S. the Greenspan Commission proposed, and Congress approved, still further increases in payroll taxes. Tax rates went from 6.65 per cent in 1983 to 7.65 per cent in 1990, while the maximum annual payment escalated from \$2,393 to \$3,924. The 1983 "reforms" also subjected up to half of the benefits received by certain high-income retirees to income taxation, and increased the age of eligibility for full benefits from the current 65 to 66 by 2009 and 67 by 2027. As a result, the Social Security Trust Fund is expected to accumulate a surplus of nearly \$3 trillion (1989 dollars) by the year 2020. In some scenarios this surplus growth could retire the whole national debt, with enough left over to invest in vast stretches of the private sector—*de facto* socialization of much of the economy.

Chile's social-security reforms, on the other hand, were really reforms. In 1981 workers there were allowed to leave the government-run system and make monthly tax-deductible contributions, equal to 19.5 per cent of their wages, to any of 12 private investment companies specifically created to manage individual retirement accounts. Those who made the switch were fully compensated for the contributions they made to the old system. Participation in the private system is mandatory for workers entering the work force since 1981.

Under the old system, which dated from 1924, payroll taxes had risen to 26 per cent of wages,

with employers paying more than half. At these rates many employers simply stopped hiring. Tax evasion was widespread, as workers colluded with their employers not to report all of their wages. To make matters worse, government bureaucrats proved inept at managing the few surplus funds the system managed to accumulate. By 1980 the payroll-tax shortfall had grown so large that 28 per cent of the system's benefits had to be covered by general revenues.

Chile's new system resembles our IRAs in that private companies are allowed to compete for worker contributions, and workers are allowed to switch companies with little advance notice. Companies are required to invest pension contributions in a diversified portfolio of stocks, mortgages, bank CDs, and corporate bonds, as well as government bonds. So far, the real rate of return on these investments has greatly exceeded the 4 per cent rate deemed necessary to meet the goal of providing retirement benefits equal to 70 per cent of final salary. The old Chilean system, despite the high tax rate, paid only half of final salary on average.

By all accounts the Chilean reforms have been a smashing success. More than 90 per cent of workers opted for private plans when they were first offered, and within just four years funds invested in these accounts had grown to about 10 per cent of GNP. In recent years these funds have accounted for almost 50 per cent of the growth of the country's private savings. By expanding the pool of investment funds, social-security reform also increased the government's ability to sell off other heavily subsidized enterprises to the private sector.

The largest advantage of social-security privatization may not be quantifiable, however. The average worker has much more of a vested interest in the success of the private sector, and is therefore more willing to support policies that enhance economic growth rather than those that simply redistribute income.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

Deutschemark über Alles?

ALTHOUGH IT HAS since cooled down a bit, the West German Mark spent several months as the hottest commodity around: it soared against every other currency, even the Swiss franc. Why was the whole world suddenly scrambling to get its hands on Deutschemarks?

One widely circulated explanation was the euphoria over the opening of East Germany. The improved financial and commercial opportunities within an expanded Germany were said to explain the sharp increase in the German stock market, with the currency rising as investors bought Marks in order to bid the price of "Germany funds" well above the value of the stocks those funds hold. One problem with this explanation (aside from recent setbacks in the German stock market) is that any payoff from integration with East Germany is too uncertain to explain a sudden surge in West German stocks. So far, the only certain effect of the political changes is larger budget deficits due to unemployed refugees and to the cost of rebuilding the East German infrastructure. There are serious concerns, too, that swapping East German currency for too many new Deutschemarks might increase inflation. Such inflation anxieties could explain why long-term interest rates have risen above those of the U.S., but not why the Deutschemark remains so strong.

Another explanation commonly given is simply that the German central bank has deliberately hiked short-term interest rates above those of the United States. Whatever the risk of future inflation from an integrated East-West currency, there is much less risk of serious inflation during the lifespan of, say, a German treasury bill. As a result, the high real interest rate on such short-term securities and deposits does indeed attract both German and foreign investors, thus driving up the Mark. But that doesn't answer the question either, since relatively high German interest rates obviously cannot explain why the Frankfurt stock market has also been strong. Other things being equal, rising interest rates should have been bad news for West German stocks.

The solution to all these mysteries is that West Germany is the only major country that plans on reducing marginal tax rates in 1990—by about 15 percentage points for middle-income taxpayers. Lower tax rates *always* improve opportunities for profitable work and investment, and thus cause a spurt in the demand for stocks and other assets. The same thing happened to the dollar when the U.S. first cut tax rates, to the pound when Britain did the same, and to the yen when Japan cut tax rates by 20 percentage points in 1987–88. Now, it is finally Germany's turn to try the supply side. But events will turn out better for all countries if the Bundesbank avoids repeating

the U.S. mistake of 1982 and 1984—namely, trying to nullify the tax benefits with high interest rates, thus driving the currency sky high. The United States can and should help stabilize exchange rates by offering, as Germany is doing, a more competitive tax rate on investments. There is one sure method of keeping the dollar strong without getting in a race with West Germany to see who can raise interest rates the most. That method is for Congress to cut the capital-gains tax to 15 per cent, as the President originally proposed.

The Meaning of 'Hate'

CONGRESS passed, and President Bush is expected to sign, the Hate Crimes Statistics Act, which would require the Federal Government to enumerate crimes inspired by "hate." What is "hate" in this context? Nothing so routine as the sentiment of, say, a jealous husband, or a woman scorned. It is, in fact, a technical term meaning antagonism based on such categories as race, religion, and "sexual orientation."

Crimes of violence inspired by such emotions are indeed vile and should be punished severely. But the proposed legislation goes beyond that and is fraught with problems.

The idea of compiling federal statistics on motivation is silly to begin with. For every clear-cut case of Klan violence, there will be thousands of cases of black-on-white crime in which it isn't easy to say where lust or greed ends and "hate" begins. The delicacies of motivation are best left to the juries that convict and the judges who sentence. They would surely look with special disfavor on malicious attacks on strangers. But mass categorizing in these matters is impossible.

Worse, the attempt at categorization tells society that some murders and beatings, and therefore some victims, are more important than others. Indeed, Congress's passion over ideologically disapproved

La Belle Epoque

In Europe they've been longing
For 1900, when
The continent still counted
And no one dealt in yen;
When France commanded fashion,
While Austria enjoyed
A moment when all fruitcakes
Consulted Dr. Freud.

W. H. VON DREELE

crime is inversely proportional to its concern about the wider crime problem that keeps a large fraction of the population in daily terror. By assuring selected victims of its concern, it is telling the rest of us that we must look out for ourselves. It can do nothing very much about crime in general, and will not try.

If only Congress hated crime as much as it hates "hate."

Harry Bridges, R I P

NOW that Harry Bridges is dead, the city of San Francisco rises to hail him as a legendary character. He was certainly that. For a few days in 1934, and for a few years after the war, there was no man in California as critical as Harry Bridges to the life of San Francisco. According as he willed, the city did or did not engage in commerce. His militant unionism brooked no opposition. And moral questions were disposed of by reading the *Daily Worker* and receiving his instructions there. In 1946 the CIO kicked out the International Longshoremen's Union—citing, without any benefit of advice from Joe McCarthy, the subservience of its leadership to the Communist cause. At one point the question seriously arose whether Harry Bridges would permit the use of U.S. shipping in the event of a confrontation with the Soviet Union.

Eventually he calmed down a bit, and even permitted some automation to be done, just in time to save some of the shipping that San Francisco so naturally harbors. But his influence lived on after his militant days, and the Longshoremen's Union ruined New York City as a port, and got enacted such reactionary legislation as requires the use of U.S. bottoms to ship U.S. goods. It also fostered the jangle of corruption and decadence portrayed in the movie that brought Marlon Brando to fame.

Bridges, after the war, was an outstanding figure on the wrong side of the great fight against union tyranny. His absolute rule over an entire industry cried out for legislative reaction, and we got some of it in the Taft-Hartley Act, and should have had more of it if Senator William Knowland had succeeded in 1956 in carrying California on the right-to-work plebiscite. Knowland and California lost, though slowly the unions began to lose their power, as American working men and women recognized that they had little strategically to look forward to in a life under such as Harry Bridges and Jimmy Hoffa. At least Hoffa was not in thrall to Stalin.

Our own hunch is that the man who killed Bridges as an effective figure in his own field was the longshoreman-savant Eric Hoffer. His eloquent plain sense penetrated the cant, and slowly drew from Bridges the support of the fellow-traveling intellec-

tual class on which he relied for his good press. The ashes of Harry Bridges will be sown in the harbor of San Francisco he did so much to encumber.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

Thank you for inviting me to join you and the editors—I thoroughly enjoy those dinners. Having beaten Communism overseas, let's do the same for socialism at home. I hope to read forthcoming articles on that theme.

I enjoyed the Lincoln piece by Harry Jaffa ["Lincoln's Character Assassins," Jan. 22] and thought you would be interested in the following:

Lincoln's Failures

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent 17 years of his life paying off the debts of a worthless partner.

He fell in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died.

Entering politics he ran for Congress and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed. He became a candidate for the Vice Presidency and was again defeated. In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

And in the face of all this defeat and failure, he eventually achieved the highest office in the land.

Sincerely,

Dusty

[Thomas L. Rhodes]

New York, N.Y.

Dear Dusty: That is quite a sport. Has anyone taken on Francis of Assisi? Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Wm—

Your notational notions in the current *Keyboard Classics* may or may not be effective, depending on your objective. Your objective is given as hastening the process of "learning" a piece of music, and it is exactly here that some definition should have been given. Which kind of "learning" is meant?

1. The highest kind occurs when you understand the score with a theoretical knowledge, so that you may transpose it, at will, into any key. At this level what was a black note in one key may become a white note in the new key. Which is to say that a score that distinguishes between black notes and white is either useless or obstructionist at this level.

2. Next highest, perhaps, is the learning that comes in the form of a photographic memory. I have known pianists who claimed to be able to close their eyes and "see" the score in their mind, and play it through, thus, in a form of sight-reading. I rather



doubt that a mind as sharp as this needs to be told which notes are on the black keys, and I simply don't know whether photographic memories are in black and white or in full color. Your coloring system can't be intended for this level.

3. Next might be the *solfege* method, that of singers, who learn not by eye but by ear, and can sing the same melody in any key because they have learned the sequence of melodic intervals. At the keyboard you do this with each voice, learning to "sing" each part of the polyphonic piece. You can practice this at night if you can't sleep; just lie there and try to hear the various voices. If you find a gap in your memory, fill it in in the morning—or that gap will be the one to plague you when you come to public performance. But your ear doesn't think in terms of black notes and white notes when it hears a melody, does it? The color system is irrelevant to this method.

4. Next lowest might be the learning of keyboard positions and maneuvers. Here the player looks at the keyboard as he plays, and remembers that he goes from this note to that note, and the black and white colors are an aid in this tactic. This "learning" comes about chiefly as a result of sheer rote; repetition; the child's way. Somewhere along the line the score is thrown away, and what takes over is music memory and the eyeballs. Your color system may help in the first few passes through the score, at this level.

5. Strangely enough, your system may be helpful at quite a different level: where the player is a fully developed pianist but has only a few minutes to look at the score before he has to perform it in public. Any pianist, in such a situation, will use that time to scan the work and pick out the booby-traps. Coloring the repeats of the accidentals might be a real benefit here.

As to noting the fingering, I have discovered that less is more. A thicket of tiny numerals becomes a

jungle all too readily. One can finger a score most effectively by assuming that all passages are handled by the digits moving in sequence unless otherwise noted in the score. It becomes, then, a question of painting in only the most basic information: which finger to use at the beginning of the passage, and where the thumb should fall as the passage moves along.

In virtuoso music it pays to study the score for opportunities to simplify the fingering by unorthodox sequences, the goal being to arrange it so that (in double passages) the thumbs fall at the same time. This greatly eases the task of coordinating the motions and stress of the hands and beat. But I think I have begun to treat problems that you haven't undertaken to solve, and the name for a bloke who carries on so is BORE.

Yours ever,
Wm [Rickenbacker]
Francestown, N.H.

Dear Wm: You are *never* a bore. And of course the counsel you give is wonderfully apt for first-class keyboard players like yourself. But my notational system in *Keyboard Classics* magazine (January/February 1990) is designed for the unwashed, which includes, your admirer,

Wm

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In "The Week," Jan. 22, 1990, there is use of the phrase "rise up" to describe the action of "an unruly populace." Is this different from rising "down"?

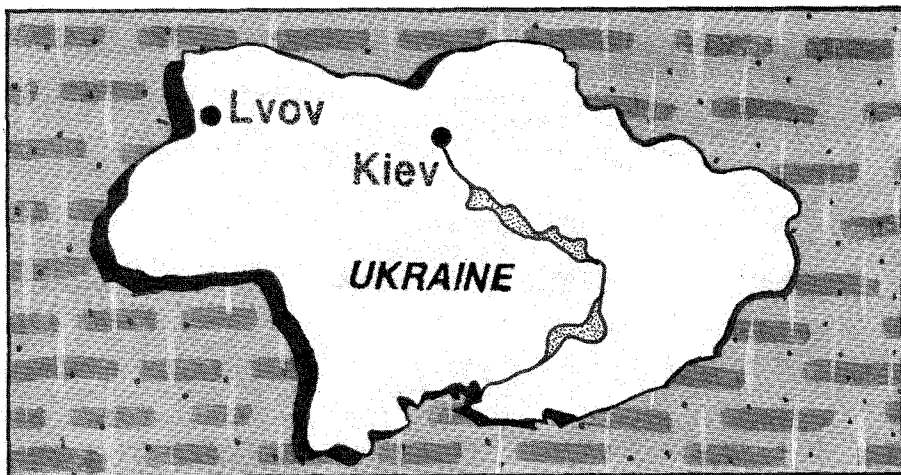
John Boulet, MD
Clayton, Mo.

Dear Dr. Boulet: Well, yes. You can't rise down. Rising up is an idiomatic intensifier, as is descend down to the depths. See any usage dictionary. Cordially,

—WFB

Too Many Communists

RADEK SIKORSKI



Jennifer Lawson

THE Polish-Soviet border at Medyka could be a case study in the inefficiencies of totalitarianism. A line of cars stretches for five miles on either side of the border. Angry, pale, dirty people sit and sleep in their cars, as they wait 36 hours and more. Groups of vigilantes—both Soviet and Polish, armed with axes and bricks—man barricades to stop people from jumping the line. Glass fragments from smashed windshields and headlights crunching under the tires testify that they mean business. Although I had press credentials, I spent all night on the border while the guard repeatedly telephoned Moscow to ask if he could let me through, since my visa did not specifically stipulate that I could travel by car.

Going back to Lvov after a gap of 12 years was like entering a time warp. The same cobblestone streets with the same gigantic potholes—never repaired since the days of Polish rule, before World War II. The same sullen, silent, drab crowds. The same policemen stopping foreign cars to check whether one's visa allowed access to the city. The difference is that today the main square in front of the Lvov Opera (a carbon copy of La Scala built

during the days of Austro-Hungarian rule, before World War I) is the venue for a permanent rally. Anarchists' red-and-black banners mingle with Ukrainian-nationalist blue-and-yellow ones, and speakers from Latvia, Georgia, Lithuania, and other far-flung corners of the Soviet Union shout like cranks at Hyde Park's Speakers' Corner on a Saturday morning.

ISPOKE to Bogdan Horyn, the Lvov leader of the Ukrainian Helsinki Union. Heavily mustached, Horyn is a Walesa lookalike, and his apartment—books and magazines stacked ceiling high, activists rushing in and out—has the atmosphere of Walesa's during his dissident days. Like Walesa, Horyn pledges non-violence. "The forces that are pulling the Soviet Union apart are those of national sentiment and economic logic—and you cannot stop these with tanks. Gorbachev has good advisors. He knows that the moment he cracks down, his myth will disappear and his maneuver for the opening to the West will be doomed. Lithuania is already unstoppable. Our turn will also come." Mr. Horyn thinks that, without Ukraine, Russia will be a northerly, poor, and irrelevant country.

He was speaking in the presence of an emissary who had brought him a letter of support from Lech Walesa and an invitation to the Polish Solidarity congress. Echoing Walesa's appeal to President Gorbachev to "dissolve the Soviet Union and start all over again," he said, "There is no republic which does not want to secede from the Soviet Union, including the Russian republic."

In fact, Ukraine is deeply divided. In Western Ukraine, with Lvov as its capital, the demand for independence is strong and growing. In the recent election, non-Communist candidates were elected in all 24 Lvov constituencies. Mr. Horyn was elected as deputy to the republic's Supreme Soviet with 77 per cent of the vote, against the local Party chief's 11 per cent. In other Western Ukrainian cities such as Ternopol and Ivano-Frankovsk hardly a single *apparatchik* passed. But the Communists have kept control of the republic's parliament because in Eastern Ukraine, Party, police, and even KGB bosses, many of them Russian speakers, were elected.

This division between Eastern and Western Ukraine has deep historical roots. Since the seventeenth century the East has been under Moscow's rule and has been Russified mercilessly, while the West fell under Polish influence and enjoyed comparative autonomy. In Western Ukraine the Uniate Church, an Eastern Rite Catholic denomination which recognizes the authority of the Pope, is a focus of separate identity, while in the East the Russians have for a couple of centuries suppressed the indigenous Ukrainian Orthodox Church and attempted to install the Russian Orthodox Church in its place. Whereas Eastern Ukraine suffered the full impact of Stalin's purges, collectivization, and famine, Western Ukraine was under Polish rule at that time. (Hundreds of thousands of Poles, incidentally, were deported from Ukraine in 1939 when the Soviet army invaded under the Molotov-Ribbentrop partition treaty; then in 1945-47, when Germans were expelled from Silesia, Pomerania, and East Prussia, Poles from Ukraine were moved there to replace them.)

Back at the Soviet-Polish border the commander of the Soviet border guards blamed the customs department in Moscow for the endless line of cars. After he dismissed his men and



Balance.

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nobody could overhear us, he said, "Five years ago we were letting through twenty thousand people a day, but now customs men have to search every car and we can only let through five thousand." He greedily picked up my copy of *Time* with the lead story, "Soviet Disunion," and leafed through photographs of riots and upheavals all over his country.

"Why is the West so enthusiastic about Gorbachev? What has he done for us in five years? I earn 500 rubles a month [\$35]—that's just enough for some food." Undoubtedly a Party member, the colonel leans toward me and whispers, "Write in your magazine that Gorbachev will not succeed because he surrounds himself with too many Communists." □

Baer Fans and Blarney

JOHN R. COYNE JR.



Jennifer Lawson

Payroller Party, and the Republican Party in exile, which is the United Republican Fund.")

In the corridor, the man turns his camera on, and Baer begins to talk in the general direction of the *Tribune* reporter, stressing the essentials of his candidacy. Illinois collects more in property taxes than 46 other states; there have been some 26 tax increases in Illinois over the past two decades, most of them during the administration of Republican Governor Jim Thompson; largely as a result of the tax climate, more than 1.5 million jobs have been lost in Illinois over the last twenty years; and Jim Edgar, Thompson's anointed successor, is from the same tax-and-spend mold.

Baer then outlines some of his proposals. He would roll back a 20 per cent temporary income-tax surcharge, which Edgar obtusely said he'd make permanent; he would require 60 per cent voter approval of future tax increases; he would freeze state spending at current levels and appoint something like the Grace Commission to recommend spending cuts. He talks a good deal about values, religion, education, and the home.

The cameraman leaves, the *Tribune* reporter follows, and I ride with Baer and a volunteer driver—a "Baer Fan," as the campaign calls them—to Meigs Field, where Baer boards a small plane in a high wind. One amateur driver in a Chrysler mini-van, one small briefcase, no staff, no advisors, no media. Very much an outsider, very much alone. And five days later, he pulled down 34 per cent of the primary vote and shook Springfield to its socks.

Until December, Secretary of State Jim Edgar was said to have the Republican nomination locked up. A vet-

eran of the Illinois legislature and a former aide to Thompson, Edgar is well-groomed, quiet, careful, operating in the centrist, pragmatic Thompson mode, albeit without the Thompson style and wit. In short, a clearly labeled and well packaged candidate, ready to take the helm of the Illinois GOP and steer it through the 1990s.

It was supposed to be an easy voyage. But Edgar took certain things for granted and dismissed others—chief among them, conservative grassroots sensibilities. For instance, his consistent pro-choice position on abortion was galling. But so was the position—when it could be located—of his Democratic opponent, Attorney General Neil Hartigan. The same seemed to be true of taxes.

It was a familiar conservative dilemma. Edgar's positions on a number of basic issues were unacceptable, but so were the positions of his announced opponent. In other words, for conservatives, there was nowhere to go. And so Edgar sailed on, ignoring an anti-tax warning that was sounding with increasing frequency.

IT HAD BEGUN in earnest last summer, when Democratic legislators were joined by nine Republicans to vote in a temporary 20 per cent surcharge on the state income tax. Edgar not only endorsed the increase but, in a speech to the Illinois Manufacturers Association, proposed without being asked that it be made permanent. This gratuitous pro-tax position, combined with the abortion issue, sent conservative activists searching for an alternative. For a variety of personal and political reasons, no one with a big name—no Rumsfeld or Hyde—was willing to take Edgar on. Baer took the job himself, and succeeded in knocking Edgar's campaign badly off course.

True, Edgar won by a 2 to 1 margin. But that means one out of every three people who took a Republican ballot voted against him and for the next thing to a political novice—a man with no money, no organization, no name recognition, and no media. Just plain old conservative principle.

Baer is justifiably proud of what his insurgent campaign accomplished. "We did it after no one else would run," he said after the election. "We did it in 77 days—like a two-minute drill in football. I was only thirty years

IT'S TWO DAYS before St. Patrick's Day, five days before the March 20 Illinois primary, and insurgent Republican gubernatorial candidate Steve Baer has called a press conference in a narrow corridor on the second floor of Chicago's City Hall.

Baer is tall, lean, and gangly in basketball-player fashion; even in this confined space he always seems to be moving. He is only thirty, and looks even younger. His expression is animated, frequently quizzical, with a semi-surprised stare, as if he had emerged a bit too early from the egg.

The quintessential outsider, Baer is the former executive director of the United Republican Fund of Illinois, a fiercely conservative group in a state where Republicanism is increasingly equated with pragmatism. ("There are three political parties in Illinois," says Baer. "The Democratic Party, the

Mr. Coyne, a former presidential speechwriter, is a Chicago businessman.

old. I was a first-time statewide candidate. My campaign manager was a first-timer. So were my campaign workers.

"People didn't back me because I was good looking. They backed me because of the abortion and education issues. And they backed me because we were correct about the political seriousness of the tax issue."

WHAT NEXT? There's no doubt that Edgar, who had a ten-point pre-primary lead over Hartigan in the polls, has been damaged. How badly? Perhaps Phyllis Schlafly put it best in a letter written in support of Baer's candidacy: "I believe that any Republican candidate who endorses tax increases has self-destructed. Regrettably, that applies to Jim Edgar..."

Perhaps. At any rate, Edgar is backing and filling, no doubt mindful of the 1984 senatorial primary between incumbent Charles Percy and Reaganite challenger Tom Corcoran. Corcoran lost that primary. But the percentages were similar to the Edgar-Baer totals, and conservatives were so alienated that Percy lost to the unpopular Paul Simon.

Simon's opponent this year, Representative Lynn Martin, is looking forward with glee to hanging the tax-and-spend label on him, richly deserved. However, she has to play this one carefully, for in her enthusiasm to ride the crest of a genuine tax revolt, she runs the risk of focusing unwanted attention on the scramblings of her party's nominee for governor.

Neil Hartigan is similarly scrambling, though, and his supporters were startled when, at an impromptu news conference, Mayor Daley sharply disagreed with Hartigan's late-blooming opposition to the tax surcharge.

Some here believe there has always been a coolness between Daley and Hartigan, aide to the first Mayor Daley. Others think that a hint of Daley opposition can only benefit a Chicago politician who needs votes downstate. But whatever the personal relationships or strategies involved, the best thing outside of his anti-tax rhetoric that Hartigan has going for him—at least in Chicago—is that his parents were Irish.

On March 17, although he was running in the primary unopposed, the single biggest contingent of political

marchers, stretching for nearly two blocks, belonged to Neil Hartigan. The other two figures heavily represented were Mayor Daley, whose political future has never been more secure, and Richard Phelan, who had been special counsel for the House ethics committee's investigation of Jim Wright, and who three days later handily defeated two Democratic Party lags and a rather eccentric black ex-judge for the nomination for president of the Cook County Board.

If Baer fought like the Confederate cavalry, Phelan rolled through Cook County like Sherman, albeit a lean neo-New Frontier Sherman with a frequent forced smile and a full Kennedyesque head of hair. Like Baer, he began with low name recognition and no noticeable grassroots support. However, he was an outsider with a difference—namely, a \$2-million war chest, \$1 million of which he spent on saturation TV advertising.

Phelan is the sort of candidate one always suspects is looking toward higher things. And it did seem like a lot of effort to expend for a position at the head of a governing body best known as a tool of the first Mayor Daley. However, the government of

Cook County is not some vestigial relic of the golden age of patronage. It is still a powerful office—in fact, after Los Angeles, the second largest unit of its kind in the country.

This is the domain that Phelan will administer, if he beats Republican State Senator Aldo DeAngelis in November. And he will administer it in close consultation with Richard Daley, whose re-election next year Phelan has helped ensure by beating the black candidate who had hoped to revive the Harold Washington faction.

Steve Neal, the astute political editor for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, sees the possibility of "an Irish renaissance in statewide politics." For that to come about this year, Neil Hartigan would have to do something about his pro-choice credentials. Of course, as an Irish Catholic, he has a number of avenues available if he'd like to undertake a serious spiritual repair job.

It's a long way to November, and it's no doubt fanciful to add Baer fans to a strong dose of St. Patrick's Day blarney and come up with the first Irish governor of Illinois in 74 years. But if Jim Edgar doesn't find his way to the front of the anti-tax parade, that just may be what happens. □

Last Chance for Afghanistan?

STEVE MASTY



PESHAWAR, PAKISTAN

THE FAILED Communist coup in Kabul last month caused an open rift within the Afghan resistance. A year ago it looked as if the

mujahedin had defeated the Soviets and their puppet regime. Now U.S. diplomats and policy-makers are openly wondering if this should be the last year of American support for the *mujahedin*. How did this happen? And does Washington have the will to remedy the part of the problem it caused?

The coup, which had been scheduled for late March, was forced to begin two weeks prematurely. News of it had leaked to the KGB, who put Moscow's puppet in Kabul, Najib, on the alert. The coup's organizer, Defense Minister Shahnawaz Tanai, a hard-line Communist of the Khalq faction, in turn got word of the leak and, on March 6, called out Khalq ground and air troops in a pre-emptive attack on

Mr. Masty, a former political satirist for the Washington Times, now lives in Peshawar and works with the Mercy Fund, which operates on both sides of the Afghan border.

Najib and his ruling Parcham faction. For two days troops and tanks of the two factions (which have no noticeable ideological differences) battled in the streets of Kabul. First, Khalq jet pilots bombed the presidential palace, barely missing the Afghan dictator, then Soviet fighters launched counter-attacks from bases inside the USSR.

Kabul itself suffered significant damage; the civilian and military airports were ruined and the regime's air force damaged severely. It will take Najib months to reorganize his forces. Early on, General Tanai fled to Pakistan. Yet the real loser turned out to be Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, the radical Muslim *mujahed* leader.

HEKMATYAR, a longtime favorite of Pakistan's late president Mohammad Zia ul-Haq and of the military officers still running Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence agency (ISI), receives more money and weapons than his support within Afghanistan warrants. Hekmatyar's vision of a hard-line, one-party Pan-Islamic state, combining at bare minimum Pakistan and Afghanistan, appealed to Pakistani authorities far more than it does to Afghans, who, while devout, are almost exclusively low-key, traditionalist Muslims as well as committed nationalists.

Indeed, Hekmatyar's radical ideology and taste for internecine blood-letting made him hugely unpopular in refugee camps and in liberated Afghanistan. Similarly, he is feared in Kabul, where Najib's propagandists have been concocting bogus stories of his fundamentalist student days—stories that have him, for example, splashing acid on the faces of unveiled Muslim schoolgirls.

As Hekmatyar's popularity plummeted in the months following the Soviet withdrawal, the ISI orchestrated a number of publicity stunts for him. After each of the half-dozen publicized coup attempts in Kabul, Hekmatyar was urged to take credit. This time it backfired.

According to intelligence officers in other *mujahed* parties, Pakistani authorities and *mujahed* commanders were approached weeks before the scheduled March coup attempt by General Tanai's agents and asked to join in. No *mujahed* group agreed, for the Khalq Communists have as brutal and doctrinaire a history as Najib's

Parcham faction. Even so, less than eight hours into the coup Hekmatyar announced his solid support for General Tanai.

The immediate reaction of the legitimate resistance and the refugees was disgust. Afghan mullahs strewed handbills through the refugee camps, asking rhetorically if General Tanai was a secret Muslim, or if Hekmatyar was so power-hungry that he would ally himself with Communists worse than Najib.

Radio Kabul had a field day linking General Tanai's forces with Hekmatyar. Indeed, Kabul civilians might have rallied on Tanai's side had they not been convinced that by doing so they might have been giving power to Hekmatyar.

Almost a week later, Pakistani newspapers were still beating the drum for the coup, while General Tanai and Hekmatyar party members were hustled across the border into Afghanistan's Logar Province for another staged meeting with the foreign press. But the coup was over.

Whereupon determined ISI officers tried another tack: in mid March, they contacted *mujahed* commanders from Afghanistan's Nangarhar Province, urging a combined attack on Jalalabad; the commanders refused for three reasons. First, under similar coercion from Pakistan last year, they went insufficiently armed into a siege of Jalalabad and it proved a debacle. Second, under no circumstances, they said, would they fight for Hekmatyar and Tanai. Finally, they had no intention of capturing a city only to hand it over to an entity as vacillating and incompetent as the so-called Afghan Interim Government—a creation of Pakistan.

American diplomats in Islamabad and Peshawar, speaking privately, are depressed and frustrated by the deadlock. A minority of them, sensing Capitol Hill's mounting impatience, seem willing to declare victory and wash their hands of Afghanistan altogether.

There are good reasons for frustration. Hekmatyar's supporters in the mid-level, decision-making portions of ISI are immune to reorganization: Benazir Bhutto's fledgling Pakistani government is too weak to pass a single bill, much less restructure a branch of the army.

Moreover, the resistance has clearly outgrown the seven *mujahed* parties

thrust upon it by Pakistan a decade ago as a conduit for arms. The seven now agree on nothing but retaining power in Peshawar. The Afghan Interim Government's election program, slated for later this year, is seen as unworkable and ludicrously self-serving. What many Afghans want—a temporary government made up of real *mujahed* commanders inside Afghanistan—seems to be a good idea that no one knows how to achieve.

‘WELL,” groaned one of the diplomats, “at least we achieved our objective and blackened Moscow's eye.” Not exactly.

As former President Richard Nixon wrote in his *Los Angeles Times* column of February 11, cutting our support now would mean we had lost and the Soviets had won.

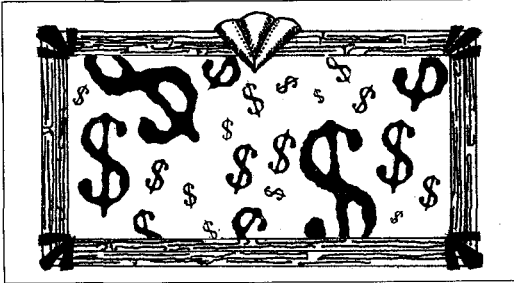
In 1979 the Soviets invaded Afghanistan to prop up their puppet government in Kabul. If that government remains, then Moscow has got what it wanted: a puppet regime, the use of Afghan airfields giving Soviet fighters access to the Straits of Hormuz, and an outpost from which to manipulate Pakistan and Iran. More broadly, our giving up would tell every other liberation movement that America uses freedom-fighters as cannon fodder.

Mr. Nixon's sensible answer is, first, increase weapons for the *mujahedin* so that we can bargain from a position of strength. And the U.S. must ensure that weapons get to the *mujahedin* who are representative of Afghanistan, not of Pakistan.

Second, from that position of strength, negotiate with Moscow for the removal of Najib's regime, to be replaced by a real and representative interim government. A practical list could include former Afghan monarch Zahir Shah, leading tribal chiefs, old-line statesmen still living in Afghanistan, and cabinet-level resistance figures capable of commanding respect.

Such a proposal might appeal to the Soviets once they saw they were faced with a U.S. Administration committed to beefing up arm shipments to Afghanistan. Our only other alternative—refusing to recognize our role in creating the *mujahedin*'s political problems, and just skulking away—would waste a strategic opportunity, as well as \$2 billion and more than a million Afghan lives. □

THE CULTURE WAR



Government funding of 'controversial' (read: deliberately offensive) art is not your ordinary boondoggle. This sort of art tries to 'challenge our most deeply held assumptions,' and succeeds all too well.

HENRY J. HYDE

I'M NOT quite sure what it says about America that one of the most intense public controversies in the months between the Tiananmen Square massacre and the breaching of the Berlin Wall had to do with homoerotic photographs and a crucifix suspended in a vat of urine.

My formulation is deliberately provocative. While Central and Eastern Europe were giving birth, in joy and pain, to the Revolution of 1989, Americans were transfixed by an argument over, let me say it again, homoerotic photographs and a crucifix suspended in a vat of urine. One might have been tempted to think that Oswald Spengler was right, and Francis Fukuyama wrong: the West was indeed headed down the slippery slope to decadence and irrelevance; but the "end of history" wouldn't be so much boring as appalling.

Whatever else can be said for or against our national media, their attention span is short: and so public life moves on. But we shouldn't be quite so eager to leave the debate over Mapplethorpe and Serrano behind us. For the Great Arts Controversy demonstrated that America is, in truth, involved in a *Kulturkampf*—a culture war, a war between cultures and a war about the very meaning of "culture."

Many people would prefer to deny this. But the conscientious public servant and the thoughtful citizen cannot afford to miss the full truth of our situation, for politics is, at its deepest level, a function of culture. The American *Kulturkampf* may be understood, to paraphrase Clausewitz, as civil war by other means.

It is best to be precise about the terminology here. By "culture war," I don't mean arguments over the relative merits of Mozart and Beethoven, *Henry V* on stage and

Henry V on screen, Eliot and Auden, Tom Wolfe and E. L. Doctorow, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic. Nor do I mean the tensions between highbrows and lowbrows, between sports fans and opera buffs, between people who think Bruce Springsteen is the greatest artist alive and people who wouldn't know Bruce Springsteen if he rang their doorbell and asked to use the telephone.

No, by "culture war" I mean the struggle between those who believe that the norms of "bourgeois morality" (which is drawn in the main from classic Jewish and Christian morality) should form the ethical basis of our common life, and those who are determined that those norms will be replaced with a radical and thoroughgoing moral relativism. That the "relativism" in question is as absolutist and as condescendingly self-righteous as any sixteenth-century inquisitor is a nice irony. But that is the division in our house.

Whose Money?

THE PUBLIC-POLICY ISSUE is, to my mind, not all that difficult to resolve. Public funds, in a democracy, are to be spent for public purposes, not for the satisfaction of individuals' aesthetic impulses. And if the impulse in question produces a work which is palpably offensive to the sensibilities of a significant proportion of the public, then that work ought not to be supported by public funds.

Ideally, the funding agencies would understand this principle and abide by it. Legislatures and courts are ill suited to setting the boundaries in an area such as this, as we should have learned from the days of Anthony Comstock and the Boston Watch and Ward Society. But when the funding agencies do not set the boundaries in a way that maintains public confidence, then the legislature must act.

Mr. Hyde is the congressman from the 6th District of Illinois. This article was adapted from a speech he gave at the Atlantic Center for the Arts in New Smyrna, Florida.

To do so is not an act of censorship, *pace* President Bush. In announcing his support for continued federal funding of the National Endowment for the Arts, the President stated he didn't "know of anybody in the government . . . that should be set up to censor what you write or what you paint or how you express yourself." However, the President went on to say: "I am deeply offended by some of the filth that I see into which federal money has gone, and some of the sacrilegious, blasphemous depictions that are portrayed as art."

Congressman Dana Rohrabacher (R., Calif.), while cheered by the fact that the President doesn't like pornography any better than he likes broccoli, points out that "We're talking about sponsorship, not censorship." If the NEA were prohibited from funding certain types of work, no artist's right to create his work and display it would have been infringed. Censorship and refusal to subsidize are two very different things. All that a legislature would be saying is that the public has no responsibility to pay for a work that would give deep offense to a significant proportion of that public. One would hope that the artist, out of self-respect if nothing else, would agree.

There are those who argue that these kinds of entanglements are unavoidable and that we should therefore extract the Federal Government from the business of funding the arts. It may, over time, come to that. But I would hope not. It would be bad (although certainly not fatal) for the arts. But it would also say something deeply saddening about America: it would tell us that we simply can't reach agreement on a reasonable approach to issues at the intersection of politics and culture. And that is not the situation of choice for the American experiment in ordered liberty.

Negotiating the Kulturkampf

HOW MIGHT we craft an approach to the American *Kulturkampf* that would at least begin a civilized conversation about our differences? How do we argue these issues within the bounds of democratic tolerance: not the false tolerance that glosses over differences, but the true tolerance that engages differences forthrightly but civilly? Here are some themes that may be worth exploring.

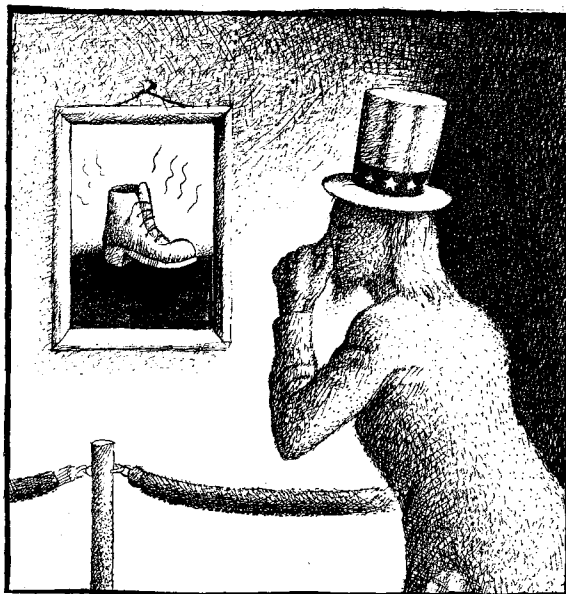
1. *On the freedom of the artist:* Artists should, of course, be free from political coercion in their work. Those of us who have celebrated the triumph of Vaclav Havel have no desire to shackle the poet, the composer, the painter, the dramatist, or the photographer.

The key question for the cultural debate, however, is: Freedom for what? The artist's purpose is surely not

fulfilled in mere self-expression; for if self-expression were all there is to art, then a puppy chasing kittens would be as much an artist as Raphael, Vermeer, or Bach. Rather, as Thomas Aquinas wrote in the *Summa*, "The test of the artist does not lie in the will with which he goes to work, but in the excellence of the work he produces."

So the purpose of the artist's freedom is to help him and us to a fuller apprehension of, and delight in, the three transcendentals—the good, the true, and the beautiful. Lord Acton got it quite right: "Freedom is not the power to do what you want, but rather the right to do what you ought." Art detached from the quest for truth and goodness is, to repeat, simply self-expression and ultimately self-absorption. It is narcissism, and, like Narcissus, it inevitably destroys itself.

I am aware that this understanding of the purpose of artistic freedom can be dismissed as hopelessly provincial. But "art for art's sake" presents a serious problem to legislators who are expected at least to explain, if not to justify, their expenditure of tax dollars. We are now told that "great art forces us to abandon our most cherished values," but most people aren't pleased



to have their most cherished values challenged, much less to pay for the experience. Franklin W. Robinson, director of a museum attached to the Rhode Island School of Design, has been quoted as saying: "Among the many things that art does for us all is that it challenges us, it demands that we rethink our assumptions about every issue in life, from religion to politics, from love to sex to death and afterlife." Thus the twentieth-century artist has changed the object of art from the three transcendentals to challenge and revolution.

The congressional reaction to what Carol Iannone calls "the insistent and progressive artistic exploration of the forbidden frontiers of human experience" was predictable, but at least has drawn attention to the "works of art" involved and to the difficult issues of artistic freedom and congressional accountability. Censorship, discrimination—these words have unpleasant connotations. But when a limited amount of money must be distributed among a large number of applicants, some form of discrimination is inevitable. I was interested in a case of curatorial discretion written up in the October 1989 *Arts Journal*. Mr. Ted Potter, the director of the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art, is quoted as explaining why he refused to display a videotape that was "grossly racist" as to both the black and the Jewish populations. Mr. Potter said: "It was just a straightforward case of racial slurs and bigotry, and I'm not interested in that, so we didn't show it."

Justice Potter Stewart once said that he couldn't de-

fine pornography, but he knew it when he saw it. I suggest that where racism and bigotry are present, most people, even congressmen, are capable of exercising curatorial discretion.

Modern artists also demean the memory of their predecessors when they suggest that any boundary-setting by public authorities is a threat to art itself. Evelyn Waugh was indulging in characteristic exaggeration when he wrote in 1939 that "most of the greatest art has appeared under systems of political tyranny." But there is something there to think about. Great art may have been created because it enjoyed the financial favor of public authorities at the time (whether the public authority in question was a prince or a president); but it endures because it enables men

Gratuitous insults to the religious sensibilities of fellow citizens, by artists or by anyone else, are damaging to civil comity and democratic tolerance.

and women to discern the true and the good in fuller proportion than before.

2. *On democratic civility*: Public opinion cannot be the final touchstone of artistic merit. That, too, should go without saying. While it certainly would not be accurate to suggest that virtually all great artists experienced public rejection before they enjoyed (sometimes posthumous) acceptance—Haydn, Bach, and Brahms, to choose from just one art, were quite comfortably secure in public esteem—it is also true that public opinion can be slow to recognize artistic genius, particularly when that genius is consciously striving to break new aesthetic ground.

But there is a converse truth that is rarely acknowledged. Gratuitous insults to the religious sensibilities of fellow citizens, by artists or by anyone else, are damaging to civil comity and democratic tolerance. Whatever the art world may think, Americans remain an incorrigibly religious people. Happily for the Republic, the growth of American religiosity has, over the past two generations, bred an even greater religious tolerance: the overwhelming majority of Americans believe it to be the will of God that we not kill each other over what constitutes the will of God. One wonders, though, if the democratic courtesy of tolerance is always reciprocated.

Let me take the obvious example. Whatever ex-post-facto rationalizations Andres Serrano may have constructed, I cannot believe that his *Piss Christ* was anything other than a deliberate attempt to provoke: in this case, to provoke Christians. Suppose Mr. Serrano's work had involved suspending a Torah scroll in a vat of urine; would any reasonable person have doubted that this was a gross act of anti-Semitism? Or, at an entirely different level, suppose that Mr. Serrano had sus-

pending a peace symbol in a vat of urine and labeled it *Piss Peace*? Can you believe that this would have been defended as legitimate artistic endeavor by the same people who defended the funding of *Piss Christ*? Whatever else it was, *Piss Christ* was a vicious violation of democratic civility.

The artist may well have a gift of insight that transcends the capabilities of less aesthetically endowed citizens. But that insight confers no right to indulge oneself in thoughtless—or, worse, deliberate—trashing of others' deepest convictions.

3. *Provocative or evocative?* Some people, in fact some quite distinguished people, seem to think that any expression issuing from an artist is art. Robert McCormick Adams, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has even argued that graffiti are art. Would that include, I'm immediately tempted to ask, graffiti spray-painted onto the East Building of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, of which Mr. Adams is a trustee? After all, the East Building provides a much more inviting canvas for the graffiti-ist than a New York subway car, and ever so many more people would have the opportunity to see the "artist's" work if it weren't buried underground and whisked away from the viewer within a minute or so.

My argument is not against provocation per se. The first two crashing chords (indeed the entire first movement) of Beethoven's Third Symphony were a deliberate provocation: a challenge to the genteel limits which had characterized earlier uses of the symphonic form. But this was provocation in the service of a larger end. It was not provocation for its own sake.

I am no philosopher of aesthetics, but I would suggest that we ought to consider the possibility that good art is evocative rather than provocative, although the evocative quality can sometimes involve the artist in provocative expressions. Provocation, in short, should be at the service of evocation.

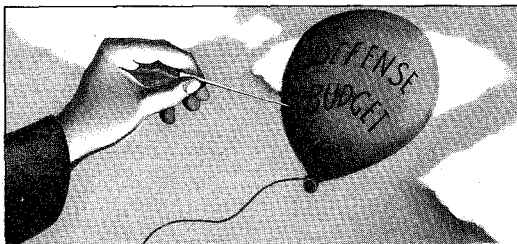
Which immediately raises the question, Evocative of what? Again, with the caution of a philosophical amateur, I would suggest: evocative of man's highest and noblest aspirations, our aspirations for the good, the true, and the beautiful. Put another way, art as evocation is neither art at the service of some political program nor art as an ideological instrument, but art as one means by which man gains a glimpse of the transcendent dimension of the human experience.

Beyond the Neural Itch

I SUPPOSE this returns me, in a roundabout way, to my first point: that art is not, and must not be, mere self-indulgent self-expression. If we can agree on that—if we can agree that discipline, craftsmanship, and a purpose transcending the mere satisfying of a neural itch are of the essence of the truly artistic act—then we have marked off the ground on which we can intelligibly debate questions of boundary-setting, funding, and all the rest of the public-policy arts agenda.

And that would be no small accomplishment. □

DIVVYING UP THE PEACE DIVIDEND



We don't even know that there will *be* a peace dividend, but the 535 mini-Secretaries of Defense on Capitol Hill have 535 ways to spend it.

WILLIAM MCGURN

WASHINGTON—It was September 1989, the House and Senate were about to go to conference to reconcile the differences between their respective defense bills, and House Democrats were worried that their own chairman of the Armed Services Committee, Les Aspin (Wisc.), would not push their leftist agenda. Probably they were right. Aspin is a serious man, and just a few months earlier, when the House pushed through a defense bill that gutted George Bush's strategic programs, the chairman had denounced it as a "Dukakis defense budget."

The liberal House Democratic Caucus did not take that lying down. As so often in the past they went outside channels to get their way. A contingent led by Representative Pat Schroeder (Colo.) demanded that Speaker Tom Foley appoint liberal conferees from outside the Armed Services Committee. In the end they came up with a compromise: Aspin was forced to accept a special panel made up of liberals who would set funding levels for major strategic weapons.

The humiliating treatment of even a powerful Democratic committee chairman illustrates much of what is wrong with the defense process at the outset of the 1990s. At a time when America faces the most uncertain world situation since World War II, instead of mapping out a coherent defense strategy to deal with the

changes, a relatively small and unrepresentative group of House liberals, intent on ensuring that the U.S. unilaterally disarm and spend the "peace dividend" on their pet domestic projects, is managing to pressure even leaders who know better to do their bidding. Consequently, the only real debate about what kind of defense America should have as it enters the twenty-first century is taking place in the Republican Party.

No one is more aware of the challenge than Secretary of Defense Richard Cheney, a former House member himself. Sitting under a portrait of General George C. Marshall in his Pentagon office, he acknowledges the pressures inherent in the nature of Congress. At a Press Club address in late March, he scored Aspin's committee for trying "to put back in the budget everything I cut out" and suggested that Congress was substituting politics for strategy.

"There is a burning desire of members to reduce the defense budget, by which they mean take down the top line," says the secretary, dressed in a blue pinstripe suit, a red tie, and hand-tooled cowboy boots. "But you take that a step lower—what are we going to discuss—chaos."

This chaos has been exacerbated by the Revolution of 1989 in Central and Eastern Europe. Broadly speaking, the reduction of the conventional threat there, the corresponding build-

up of Soviet strategic forces, and the increased proliferation of ballistic-missile capabilities among hostile Third World powers argues for reducing conventional American forces (particularly the Army), modernizing U.S. strategic capabilities, and putting more money into research and intelligence. The aim should be to make the American forces leaner yet flexible enough to jump in quickly to any part of the world where American interests are threatened. Inside the Beltway this is much easier said than done.

"We are winding down to a peacetime defense," says one Pentagon official. "Historically it's not something we do well."

Budget in Wonderland

THE GREATEST impediment to an effective transition comes from a Congress intent on ensuring that any peace dividend is gobbled up by more spending. In his introduction to the 1991 federal budget, Richard Darman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, likened the approach to an Alice in Wonderland fantasy. "It starts by overestimating the dividend," he writes. "Then each player plans to spend the dividend in his or her preferred way. The sum of all such planned expenditures totals about ten times the over-estimated dividend, which is itself perhaps five times the actual dividend.

Thus, Washington entertains the notion of spending fifty times a dividend that has not yet definitely materialized—a true Wonderland phenomenon.”

Now, conflict between Administration and congressional priorities is inevitable. But the process has been distorted by the post-Watergate reforms that ostensibly gave Congress more “oversight” but in effect replaced the Secretary of Defense with 535 mini-secretaries. A Defense Department White Paper leaked in October discloses some of the grotesque results. Each day the DoD deals with 2,500 telephone and 450 written requests from Congress, requiring a mini-division of nearly five hundred people in the Pentagon whose only job is to deal with congressional requests. The number of committees looking at defense has also ballooned, abetted by an explosion in staff size: from 1960 to 1985 committee staffs grew by 237 per cent and personal staffs by 175 per cent. Any one of these people, suffi-

ciently determined, can paralyze an Administration priority with paper.

In a time of increased expenditures the White House can buy Congress off. In an era of shrinking defense budgets, however, Congress has to get the money for its pork from somewhere, and today that means taking it out of the strategic modernizations pushed by the White House: the MX and Midgetman missiles, the B-2 stealth bomber, and of course SDI. These four programs together represent the cornerstone of President Bush’s package, providing an effective deterrent against missile attacks and giving greater capability to respond to attacks elsewhere; the head of the Strategic Air Command, General John Chain, testified recently that without the B-2 he would be reluctant to support a strategic-arms-control treaty with the USSR. But because these are all big-ticket items, they make inviting targets for a Congress that still has the equation backward.

“The changes that have occurred

have taken place in the conventional capabilities of the Soviet Union,” says Representative Jon Kyl (R., Ariz.), a member of the House Armed Services Committee. “In the strategic side there have been no such changes. Yet that’s the side of the ledger where Congress has been trying to force cuts.” Congressman Kyl points out that attacks on costly programs are also something of a red herring, in that all the big-ticket items together account for only about 12 per cent of the defense budget.

In the more responsible Senate, only modest changes were made in the President’s proposals last year, and the strategic side was left mostly intact. The serious attacks come from the House, where hostility to strategic modernization on the part of the House Democratic Caucus nicely complements a natural preference for existing projects. Thus, last year the House slashed the President’s strategic programs by billions, all the more hypocritically in that it immediately

THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER

HUNTSVILLE, Ala.—Here in the battle command and control center of the U.S. Army Strategic Defense Command, the three overhead screens suddenly are aglow with the news: a submarine in the Pacific has launched a ballistic-missile attack on the United States. Over the next, tense few minutes, SDI-generated radar and sensors track and identify what turn out to be 16 nuclear warheads as they make their way toward targets in Utah and Washington.

The question is whether the launching was the prelude to an all-out attack or merely the act of a “rogue” sub commander acting on his own. Moscow sends word confirming the latter, and asks for help. Within minutes the Army has intercepted all the warheads and, at the Soviets’ request, destroyed the sub.

A close call? Actually, it’s just a simulation at the Army’s Advanced Research Center. The test is done for the benefit of Washington newsmen here to be briefed on the latest capabilities of the Army’s Strategic Defense program. So it was nice to have the American side win.

In recent weeks much of the attention given to SDI has focused on “brilliant pebbles,” the space-based interceptors developed by the Air Force. Brilliant pebbles, however, are only one part of the overall SDI “architecture.” In Huntsville, the Army—which receives the largest share of SDI funding—is working to complete that picture with research on ground-based lasers, radar, interceptors, and tracking systems to provide a defense against an attack in all phases of a missile’s trajectory.

Critics of SDI argue that it would not be 100 per cent effective against the ten thousand missiles the Soviets still have aimed at us. Others suggest that the ascent of Mikhail Gorbachev in the USSR and the advent of democracy in Central Europe mean the threat that they will be used has diminished. Nevertheless, the Soviets aren’t the only threat. The chief of the U.S. Army Strategic Defense Command, General Robert D. Hammond, notes that “the proliferation of ballistic-missile technology around the world has been as dynamic as the changes in Eastern Europe.”

The general points to an article in the December 23 issue of *Jane’s Defense Weekly* listing 27 nations as having operational ballistic-missile systems—including such notables as Iran, Iraq, Libya, Syria, and North Korea. Although an SDI system may not be enough to protect against an all-out Soviet attack, it would certainly be enough to deal with a handful of missiles launched by these smaller powers. Indeed, it might even deter such countries from developing missile systems if they knew those weapons would be worthless.

Ironically, doing the hard research is the least of the worries here. As General Hammond points out, the Congress’s consistent efforts to appropriate less every year than the President has asked for means a constant (and expensive) reshuffling of plans. He compares this to his experience with the joint Washington-Jerusalem effort on the Arrow missile. “It’s a delight to work with the Israelis,” he says. “They have a firm commitment from the top, the money is there, and the program is stable. My little sister could run it.”

—WMcG

rechanneled the money into outdated weapons such as the F-14D Tomcat, the V-22 Osprey, and the Army Helicopter Improvement Program, all slated for elimination by the Administration. This year, Secretary Cheney has added 14 more programs to his weapons hit list, including the M-1 tank and the Apache helicopter.

In this even more critical fight, Aspin is not likely to repeat his mistake of criticizing the liberal agenda. "Aspin's scared to death of the Caucus because they stripped him of his committee chairmanship when he voted for military assistance to the Contras," says one Administration official.

Liberal obstructionism also wreaks havoc with America's foreign relations. Take the slated transfer of the 401st Tactical Fighter Wing from Spain to Italy. The wing is part of America's commitment to NATO, and indeed is a good example of burden sharing, with the U.S. contributing only 28 per cent of its cost. Most important, the wing is an integral part of our move from a land-based army structure tied down in Central Europe to an air-based force able to strike north to Europe, east to the Middle East, and south to North Africa.

Last year Pat Schroeder tried to kill the move by reducing funds for it from \$470 million to \$360 million. But the Defense Department came up with a new plan to work within those limits, and she had to change gears. Now she has introduced a bill "to prohibit the construction of facilities for the purpose of relocating functions of the Department of Defense located at Torrejon Air Base, Madrid, Spain, to Croton, Italy, or any other location outside the U.S." In short, what Miss Schroeder opposes is not the cost of moving the 401st but having a European-based fighter wing at all.

Whose Ox?

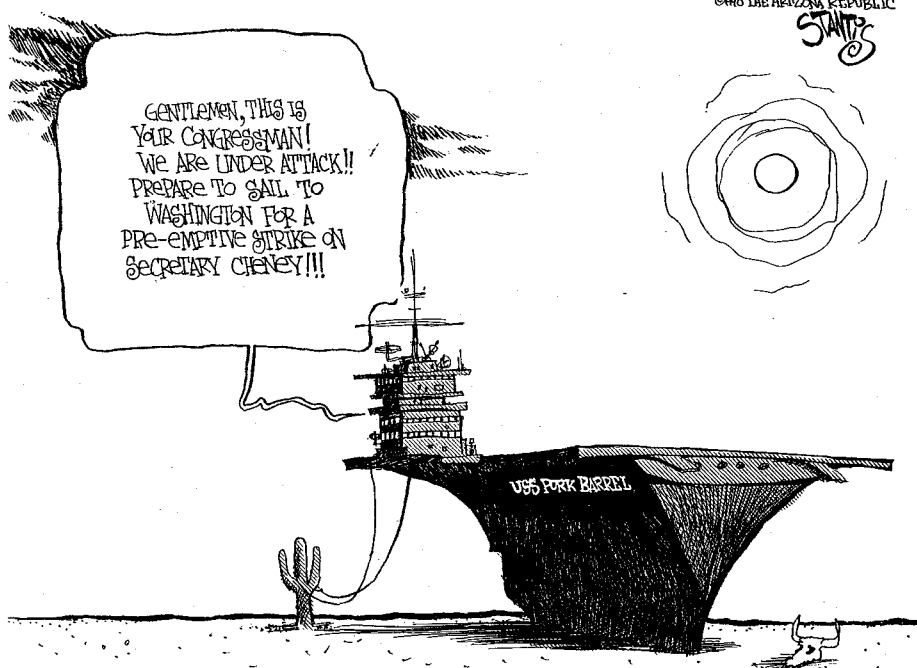
HER COLLEAGUES have similarly operated to prevent the Administration from adapting to the new threat with their vigorous protection of outdated programs that happen to be in their own districts. Dove Tom Downey (D., N.Y.), for one, helped lead the fight to save the F-14 (gaining him notice in a *New York* magazine article headlined, "Pork-meisters on Parade"). Senator Howard Metzenbaum (D., Ohio) has champi-

oned the outmoded M-1 tank, not uncoincidentally built in the state of Ohio. Representatives Barbara Boxer (D., Calif.) and Nancy Pelosi (D., Calif.) welcomed a special committee to select bases to be closed—until the Presidio in San Francisco made the list. Republicans aren't immune to temptation either; Representative James Saxton (N.J.) thought the base closings were a good idea until Fort Dix, located in his district, was deemed unnecessary. Others fought to save the Osprey.

It's too early to tell whether the Democrats will try to nickel-and-dime defense spending down, or whether they will go for the big cut-and-slash. If the latter, they risk sequestration, which under Gramm-Rudman means

Republican ranks. The Heritage Foundation, for example, calls for a reduction in the number of B-2 bombers. Secretary Cheney and National Security Advisor Brent Scowcroft differ on exactly what kind of missile system America needs. And Vice President Dan Quayle helped convince the President to include a pitch for SDI in his State of the Union address. There is impassioned disagreement among Republicans about what the final mix should be, but at least they understand the need for a strategy.

More important, the Republican debate comes within the context of significant defense cuts. Back when a newly elected Democratic President assured Americans that the U.S. would "pay any price, bear any bur-



across-the-board cuts, which reduce congressional leverage. Mr. Bush proved last year that it's no idle threat. Partly to ward off a repeat, Aspin recently blocked a routine request to move \$853 million into personnel accounts, which would force Uncle Sam to lay off troops, freeze promotions, and deny transfers. Aspin wants to show that he can make sequestration as painful for the Administration as it has been for Congress.

It speaks volumes about the level of Democratic defense thinking when the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee is reduced to holding the paychecks of American servicemen hostage. It also helps to show why the only real defense debate—as opposed to a spending debate—is confined to

den," a whopping 45 per cent of the federal budget went to defense; today that is down to 23.7 per cent. Similarly, the percentage of GNP devoted to defense has been declining steadily for the last five years, to less than 5 per cent under the Cheney proposals, its lowest level in fifty years. Back in his Pentagon office, the secretary notes he's closing 86 military bases (he hopes to close 47 more), putting twenty weapons programs on the block, and eliminating sixty thousand servicemen from the rolls.

"In the 12 months that I've been sitting in this chair," he says, "I've cut \$231 billion from defense. My biggest problem is not cutting the defense budget, but getting Congress to allow me to cut the defense budget." □

CONFRONTING THE RUSSIAN BEAR

The Soviet response to stirrings of freedom in the Baltic nations is theater of the absurd, but we're not laughing.

JURIS KAZA

WHY DO superpowers seem to pick on madhouses? In the U.S. invasion of Grenada, one was accidentally bombed, turning those inmates who were not injured by the bombing loose to enjoy the brief war through the various prisms of their insanity.

Soon after Lithuania had proclaimed its independence, elite Soviet paratroopers deliberately raided a Kaunas mental hospital and dragged off several patients in the mistaken belief that they were deserters from the Soviet army. It was the deluded roughing up the delusional.

The latest news from Vilnius gives more cause for trepidation than for morbid amusement. The Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU) has banned the publication of pro-independence periodicals at the Vilnius Press Center, a complex that includes many editorial offices and one of the few printing plants in Lithuania capable of publishing daily newspapers nationwide (Lithuania is about the size of South Carolina). Coming on top of the occupation of this building by Soviet internal-security troops, the banning is the latest event in a process that could be called creeping martial law.

"It means effectively, if not offi-

Mr. Kaza is a Latvian-American freelance journalist who has been banned by the KGB from traveling to Latvia for five years because he flew in a helicopter with a Latvian television crew over the Baltic Chain demonstration last August. None of the events of the past six months have influenced the Latvian KGB to alter its decree.



Jennifer Lawson

cially, the banning of a free press in Lithuania," said Aidis Palubenis, a Lithuanian-American volunteer in the press room of Lithuania's parliament, the Supreme Council. He explained that a pro-Moscow Lithuanian Communist, reading orders from the Soviet Council of Ministers, had announced that the only paper that could officially be printed was *Sovietskaya Litva* (Soviet Lithuania).

A Russian-language publication that once bore that name was recently transformed by its staff into a pro-independence paper for local Russians called *Echoes of Lithuania*. As this is being written, it was assumed that the Russian editors of this publication would not cooperate with Moscow, nor would any of the other Press Center workers, despite the presence of a squad of KGB troops in the building. Pro-Moscow forces, apparently helped by KGB disinformation specialists, had a few days earlier printed a paper claiming to be *Sovietskaya Litva* somewhere in neighboring Byelorussia, and attempted to pass it off as the real

thing, to the bitter amusement of readers in Lithuania.

The absurd and the tragicomic, it seems, are what we must expect from Mikhail Gorbachev's increasingly desperate attempts to hold together the crumbling Russian empire. Lithuania, the biggest of the three Baltic mice, is "walking point," as soldiers say. The little trio have no intention of staying in the bear's lair, but they still have to bluff their way past an angry, blustering bear on the way out.

In another Lithuanian hospital, the Russian assault was on target, and 12 Lithuanian youths were captured and beaten bloody. Here, the cruelty was not diluted by absurdity. The TV images were of doors smashed and beds overturned in a rage that suggests the

paratroopers were doing more than just a police job.

According to Soviet authorities, who denied that the beatings took place, the deserters were simply returned to their units. This can be worse than formal punishment. These regular units, across the *varenplasa dzimtene* (the big and mighty motherland, as Latvians sarcastically call the USSR), ship several young men per month back to Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia in coffins. Causes of death vary—suicide, some peculiar accident, trauma consistent with physical abuse, heart failure, whatever. Only one thing is invariable: the risk of death and injury in the Soviet army is higher for Balts, who face growing ethnic hatred from Russians, than for the average recruit.

This is not to say that the average Soviet soldier has it easy—degradation and abuse are a way of life, and this has little in common with the kind of shock-treatment tempering of young men experienced in the U.S. Marines or other elite military units.

The army is simply Soviet society with the color, contrast, and volume knobs turned all the way up. And young men of all ethnic backgrounds are, as one Latvian journalist put it, "saying, To hell with it."

"Nobody even hides any more," he explains. "You hitch home or take a bus in full field uniform, a clear sign that you have up and left. You just head home and say, Screw the army. And that kind of thing spreading like wildfire, with the Baltics in the lead, is what really scares Moscow."

The potential for disintegration of the Soviet army probably worries Gorbachev more than anything else about the Baltic republics. Just recently, Latvia's Popular Front urged young Latvian men to simply refuse even to sign for their draft notices, which come by a kind of registered mail. Untouched, the paper has no legally binding effect, and draft dodgers, at this stage, can only be brought before local courts and prosecutors. As a practical

matter, this means few will be punished. Latvia's Popular Front now controls the republic's Supreme Soviet; it still states that it will form a new government and restore independence, possibly as soon as May 3.

Estonia's newly elected Supreme Soviet followed Lithuania by a couple of weeks, declaring, in less clear terms but with the same clarity of intent, that it considered its own current regime illegal and that it was starting to restore an independent Republic of Estonia.

Unlike the Lithuanians, whose parliament now says it is up to individual young men to decide whether to serve or not, with no guarantees for the safety of draft resisters or "refugees" from the Soviet army, deserters in Latvia generally go underground, living in safehouses run by a women's anti-military movement or simply hiding in the forest or countryside. Unlike draft resisters, deserters face Soviet military justice, and there are few illu-

sions that the legal system of a crumbling totalitarian empire will protect anyone.

Mirage of Legality

SPEAKING on a crackly line from Vilnius, William Hough, an international lawyer from New York who is the Lithuanian government's *pro bono* legal advisor, reels off treaty after charter after convention after principle of civilized international behavior that the Soviet Union violated with its curt, brutal actions against the men hiding in the Lithuanian hospitals. There is controlled outrage in Hough's voice, and disbelief that principles he has studied in law school and applied in New York and U.S. courts seem to be irrelevant in Lithuania, mere mirages through which are seen the reality of Kalashnikov bayonets, leather boots, and brutal paratrooper faces.

As most of the foreign correspond-

LITHUANIA: DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

YOU HAVE to hand it to Mikhail Gorbachev: he has strangled the Lithuanian independence movement and simultaneously been congratulated for his restraint. After all, the chorus goes, he has not used military force; there have been no massacres in downtown Vilnius. This exercise in mass self-delusion is based on two major premises: first, that the West has a vested interest in "Gorby's" reign; and second, that even if we didn't, there is nothing we can do about President Landsbergis's brave quest for his country's freedom.

On the first point, I reject the proposition that the democracies have a stake in Gorbachev's success. All of his decisions have been made on the basis of his perception of Soviet self-interest: in order to reform the command economy he had to put the command polity at risk. The objective consequence of this was the surge of political pluralism which we welcome, but Mikhail Sergeyevich is not a Jeffersonian Democrat. He is a Mafia *capo* trying to modernize the family business, not set up competitors. And he has to maintain the trust of his soldiers, however disap-

pointing this may be to the Pope, President Bush, and the leaders of the European Community.

Indeed, Western leaders seem embarrassed by, if not annoyed at, the Lithuanian unilateral declaration of independence. As I listen to various commentaries on shortwave, I get the eerie feeling I have been here before. I have. In October and November 1956, when the Hungarians rose against their Stalinists, events went into slow motion, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles allowed as how we had no interest in intervening in the internal affairs of the Soviet bloc, and then Khrushchev struck. To the end of my days, I will recall the hollow sound of Hungarian stones bouncing off Soviet tanks. But the general reaction in American and NATO political circles was, "Thank God that's over."

We seem to have soothed ourselves by pointing out Gorbachev's alleged refusal to use "military force." This is a matter of definition: as I pointed out to the *Boston Herald*, by this definition the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia was not forceful. Not a shot was fired. But your normal citizen who wakes up in the morning to find

an armored personnel carrier parked in the street and a bunch of T-72 tanks joyriding around town is not likely to consider that the Soviets are practicing Gandhian nonviolence. The ultimate excuse will surely be that Gorbachev *had* to do it to protect himself from the Soviet hard-liners, notably the military.

However, without transforming Gorbachev into that strategist's dream, the "rational actor," I suspect that he and the military may be in complete accord on the Lithuanian operation. Let us look at recent events from the perspective of the Soviet general staff. For starters, Gorbachev went along with Brezhnev on the Afghan invasion, consistently upping the ante, until finally the senior officers on the ground, particularly General Dmitri Yazov (now Minister of Defense), convinced him it was a loser. As long as Najib's Afghans served as cannon fodder, it was not too bad, but then came the Stinger and Blowpipe SAMs, which started knocking down helicopters and MiGs and killing Russians.

Yes, Russians—not Uzbeks, Tadzhiks, or Turkomen. A high Soviet military officer told a friend of mine

ents in Lithuania were given offers to leave that they could not refuse—the Soviets could close their Moscow bureaus—the international flow of news was increasingly concentrated in the hands of a small group of young Lithuanian-Americans and Lithuanian-Canadians who happened to be studying in their parents' or grandparents' homeland at the time of the momentous events. The students, who are staying almost round-the-clock in the Lithuanian parliament's press room, function as volunteer press spokesmen.

Many say a free Lithuania will become their adopted motherland. They weren't born or raised there, but through their families and the exile network, they never really left Lithuania. The North American accents of Edward Tuskenis, Carla Gruodis, Julius Palunis, Daina Kalendra, Loretta Stanulis, and the others—at first surprising to a long-distance caller—now have become familiar to one forced to

cover the Baltic story by phone. Maybe years from now, one of them will surprise those who have forgotten today's events by speaking perfect "American," like Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Arens, who left the nation of his birth for the land of his religious and ethnic heritage.

The students say they will remain until physically removed by Soviet troops—a less than remote possibility. "Watching" Lithuania by phone from across the Baltic, I get the feeling as days pass that I am witness to some incredible violence being carried out with subtle, hypnotic slowness. The parts of this glacial but deliberate movement appear trivial, but the whole taking shape is genuinely frightening. This is not a sudden lurch, not a mere series of misdirected reflexes or accidents. It appears that Gorbachev is working deliberately, behind a façade of rumors and disinformation to the effect that "the military" or some other impersonal villains are

pressuring him. Speed up the frames and it looks like Czechoslovakia all over again. President Vytautas Landsbergis made the comparison to the events of 1968 in a radio interview I recorded with him. But it looks as if few people in the outside world are listening; all too many are still charmed by Gorbachev.

The worst story I have been told—and I saved it for last—comes from someone claiming to be separated from the event described by only one intermediate source: While in Namibia last month, Secretary of State James Baker told Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze that the United States supported the Soviet plans to draft laws for how a republic could secede from the USSR, and that *these should apply to Lithuania*.

This amounts to undermining the United States' long-standing and publicly still affirmed non-recognition of the forcible incorporation of the Baltic states. With his secret diplomacy,

that one of the reasons for withdrawing the massive Soviet presence from Afghanistan was "we were losing too many 'whites.'" Without getting involved in demographic details, the cadres in the Soviet military are almost completely Slavic, and a significant source of skilled soldiers, sailors, and airmen has been the Baltic SSRs. An air-force defector said he had never heard of a pilot from Muslim Central Asia. Yet the next Soviet census is projected to show "whites" as a minority.

Second, Gorbachev has thrown his full support to the incredible military-modernization program of the past decade, one featuring mobile ICBMs, a version of the B-1, and innumerable tanks, APCs, howitzers, subs, and other accessories. The removal of antique models (e.g., the SS-20) has been played up as disarmament. In short, Gorbachev has been a wholly cooperative member of the military-industrial complex.

Some may ask: "Why would the military go along with the chaos in Eastern Europe?" My view is that we have long underestimated their realism: pros who opposed the Afghan invasion, they knew the now Warsaw-

less Pact was in a far more advanced state of decay than NATO. In 1915 a French marshal, opposing efforts to get Italy into World War I as an ally, allegedly noted that it would take seven divisions to conquer the Italians, ten to defend them; the Soviet commander-in-chief in Europe must have had similar concerns about his satellite forces. An economic analyst would add that the Pact was an immensely expensive welfare program.

In the Lithuanian case you had an identity of interest between Gorbachev and the military. Gorbachev wanted to stamp out a display of ethnic nationalism *pour encourager les autres*, as Napoleon said when he shot a general: i.e., to put a stop to the centrifugal rumblings in all corners of the Russian empire. The army's concern was that if the Lithuanians got away with deserting, the conscript force would rapidly disintegrate. This nonsense had to stop.

NOW COMES the big objection (made by Senator Kennedy to reinforce President Bush's *de facto* neutrality) that "Gorby" doesn't understand our negative attitude, that he wants U.S. friendship and is

our indispensable Russian. It is true, we sent the wrong signals after the China sequence last summer—Gorbachev may well be awaiting a secret pilgrimage by Brent Scowcroft and Larry Eagleburger. And there was that choice comment by James Baker when Rumania was heating up, that we would not be heartbroken if the Soviets helped free rebellious Rumanians. (To Russians, who have a historic fondness for spheres of influence, this sounded like a hunting license—a rerun of Khrushchev's reading of Dulles.)

I think this line of argument absurd. We obviously can't "save" Lithuania, but Gorbachev desperately needs our economic and technological assistance. If we treat Lithuanian independence as a non-happening and take a "boys-will-be-boys" posture, we become accomplices in strangling the next Soviet freedom movement. The President and Congress should turn off the tap; it won't help the Lithuanians much but it could influence Gorbachev's behavior toward, say, the Estonians, Latvians, and Georgians. We should be prudent in the defense of freedom, but we can never be neutral. —JOHN P. ROCHE

Baker is attempting to balance the imagined *Realpolitik* of keeping Gorbachev enthroned as a "benevolent Czar" against the need to pay lip service to traditional American support for complete Baltic independence.

If this account is true, then Lithuania has already been sold down the

river. Could the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact have been, even unthinkingly, given new life by private words on the soil of the world's newest free nation, Namibia? Events and history will show. The Baltic mice, as always, will pay for the dance of the eagle with the bear. □

NO NEW TAXES

THE SURPLUS OF '99

On March 11, Dan Rostenkowski issued a challenge: 'Adopt my plan to fix the budget deficit—or come up with a better one.' Challenge accepted.

LAWRENCE B. LINDSEY

TRUE OR FALSE: To balance the budget in the 1990s we must either increase taxes or cut spending from current levels.

The right answer is "false." If you responded "true," however, I won't take off too many points. There is probably no more widespread myth about the U.S. budget system than the supposed need to raise taxes or cut spending.

Let's consider how the myth got started. We do have a budget deficit of some \$160 billion. For the Congress to balance the budget in a single year, it would have to enact some \$160 billion in combined tax increases and spending cuts. Since most of our budget is "uncontrollable," in that it is devoted to defense, Social Security, Medicare, and interest on the debt, cutting \$160 billion is impossible. So the pundits say we need a major tax increase as well.

The fallacy in this analysis is that no responsible economist would suggest that the United States try to reduce its budget by \$160 billion in a

single year. The result would almost inevitably be a very sharp recession, or even a depression, as the government desperately sucked spending power out of the economy. Most sensible people favor narrowing the gap by \$30 to \$40 billion per year, ridding ourselves of the deficit over four or five years. That requires neither raising taxes nor reducing spending below current real levels, for the current tax code will *automatically* provide \$75 to \$80 billion more in income-tax revenue each year for so long as economic growth continues at its current rate. With an automatic \$300-billion revenue increase already scheduled for the next four years, we could increase spending by \$140 billion (roughly enough to keep up with inflation) and still bring the deficit down to zero in just four years.

The Congress does not need to raise taxes because taxes are going up anyway. There is no voodoo involved. Both real growth in the economy and continued inflation effectively increase average tax rates and tax revenues over time. In the 1960s Keynesians called this effect a "fiscal drag" or a "fiscal dividend," depending on whether they were advocating more stimulus or arguing that such stimulus was largely self-financing. The table on page 35 summarizes this relationship for each of the major types of taxes the government collects, in

each case showing the effect on tax revenue of a 1 per cent increase in the economy's real output as well as 1 per cent inflation.

Bracket Creep

START WITH the personal income tax. We are all aware of the phenomenon known as bracket creep, by which inflation pushes us into higher tax brackets without our real income increasing. The indexing provisions of the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981 (ERTA) curbed this highly destructive practice. With indexing, if both your income and prices rise 1 per cent, your tax payments—not your tax rate—will also rise 1 per cent, and taxes will take the same percentage of your income as before. As a general rule, therefore, 1 per cent inflation will cause personal-income-tax revenue to rise only 1 per cent. But because not all parts of the income tax are fully indexed, tax revenues do rise slightly faster than inflation.

Of more importance is what happens when you get a real raise, not just an inflationary increase. Since indexing does not apply to changes in real income, you may be pushed into a higher tax bracket when your income rises. Even if your tax bracket does not change, your tax payments will go up because you will be paying on a larger income. Moreover, your *average* tax rate will rise because a smaller part of your income will be protected by basic exemptions and deductions.

Consider the case of a four-person family earning \$30,000 in 1989. It is allowed an exemption of \$2,000 for each person plus a standard deduction of \$5,000, for a total of \$13,000. Its taxable income is then \$17,000. The tax rate on *taxable* income up to \$31,000 is 15 per cent, so this family pays a tax of \$2,550, which is 8.5 per cent of its *total* income, for an average tax rate of 8.5 per cent. Now assume the family's real income increases by 10 per cent, to \$33,000. Its deductions are unchanged, so its taxable income rises to \$20,000. The tax on \$20,000, at the standard 15 per cent rate, is \$3,000. The family's tax payments rise 17.6 per cent (\$450 on top of \$2,550) though the family's income went up only 10 per cent. On average, every 1 per cent rise in the family's income

Mr. Lindsey is a professor of economics at Harvard University, currently on leave to work for the Federal Government. This article is adapted from his book, The Growth Experiment: How the New Tax Policy Is Transforming the U.S. Economy. Copyright © 1990 by Lawrence Lindsey. Reprinted with permission of Basic Books, Inc., New York.

caused a 1.76 per cent rise in its tax payments. The family's average tax rate rose from 8.5 per cent to slightly more than 9 per cent. This increase occurred even though the family remained in the same 15 per cent tax bracket. A greater fraction of the family's income was taxed at the 15 per cent rate, and a smaller percentage at the zero rate. Note that this is

that the tax system defines corporate profits.

Imagine the production process as a giant pipeline: raw materials, labor, and capital enter one end, and finished products come out the other. Corporate profits are the difference in value between what goes into the pipeline and what comes out, or the difference between costs and final sales.

higher. But the tax system does not allow corporations to deduct the capital costs of the bigger pipeline immediately; these added costs must be depreciated over many years. Because the costs of the expansion cannot be fully counted, profits appear to rise much more quickly than economic activity expands. Thus corporate profits, and therefore corporate taxes, increase more than point for point with economic activity during periods of real economic growth.

Inflation has a similar effect.

Again, consider the goods moving through the pipeline. During periods of inflation, the value of the inventory in the pipeline rises with the general price level. The corporation does not really gain, because the cost of replacing the materials at the beginning of the pipeline also rises. But the tax system views the rising value of inventory as a source of corporate profit. This is particularly true for corporations

that use the first-in-first-out (FIFO) method of accounting, under which the cost of products is based on the original cost of materials.

The tax system also fails to take into account the effect of inflation on the capital costs of the pipeline itself. When inflation is high, the depreciation allowances for the cost of the pipeline are far lower than the cost of actually replacing the pipeline at inflated prices. The result, since corporations cannot fully deduct the true capital costs of production from their profits, is an artificial rise in both profits and taxes. All these factors combine to increase corporate tax payments about 1.4 per cent for every 1 per cent increase in the price level. (That 1.4 is a conservative estimate; for the expansions of 1965-9 and 1982-5, the actual figures were 1.6 and almost 1.9.)

Social Security tax payments tend to rise point for point with both real economic activity and inflation, because they are indexed to the price level and have a proportional rather than progressive rate structure. Unless social-insurance tax rates change, these revenues will continue to grow almost exactly as fast as the economy.

Excise taxes, such as those on gasoline, alcohol, and cigarettes, included in "Other" in the table above, are generally levied on a "cents per unit" basis, and so are totally unresponsive

TAX REVENUE AND THE ECONOMY

Type of Tax	FY89 Revenue Collections* (In Billions)	Percentage Change in Revenue with	
		1% Real Growth	1% Inflation
Personal Income	\$425	1.3-1.4	1.0-1.1
Corporate Income	107	1.4	1.4
Social Insurance	364	1.0	1.0
Other	80	0.4	0.0

*Estimate from *Budget of the United States Government FY1990* for FY89.

not a case of bracket creep, in which inflation increases the rate applied to the same real income: this family is paying a higher average rate because it really is making more money. This is fundamental to any progressive tax code. The family is still better off.

If everyone in the United States got a 10 per cent raise, tax revenues would rise about 15 per cent. Ordinarily this would imply that every 1 per cent of real growth would produce about 1.5 per cent extra revenue. But not all real economic growth can be attributed to salary increases for those currently working; about one-third is due to new workers joining the labor force. New workers add to tax revenues, but they do not produce the same average increase per point of economic growth that occurs when existing workers get higher wages. The actual average effect is thus about 1.3 to 1.4 per cent extra tax revenue per point of economic growth.

Into the Pipeline

CORPORATE income-tax revenues also rise much faster than the economy, as long as the economy is expanding. Corporations pay a flat tax rate, and so are not subject to bracket creep. But corporate taxes are increased both by inflation and by real growth because of the way

When the economy slows down, fewer finished products are purchased and items build up in the pipeline, a process known as inventory accumulation. Corporations thus incur the costs of producing the inventory without having any final sales, and corporate profits fall.

When, on the other hand, the economy speeds up, existing items in the pipeline, already largely paid for, are ready to move. Final sales increase faster than input costs, and corporate profits rise quickly.

This "pipeline effect" is most dramatic at turning points in the economy. When the economy turns up or down, corporate profits can easily change as much as 3 to 5 per cent for every 1 per cent change in the economy. As business expansion continues, the ratio drops to about 1.4 points of corporate profit for every point of economic growth. Eventually, rising demand for products can be met only by new investment: the pipeline itself must be expanded in order to accommodate the greater flow of products. This is where the tax system plays a part. Suppose a business invests in expanding the capacity of its pipeline by 10 per cent. We might expect sales, profits, and costs, including capital costs, to rise together in proportion and the capital costs of a 10 per cent larger pipeline also to be 10 per cent

to inflation. Sales of goods taxed in this way tend to increase more slowly than the expansion rate of the economy. As a result, revenue from these sources does not rise as fast as overall economic activity. Altogether, however, tax revenues will grow significantly faster than the economy, and this rapid expansion will balance the federal budget if we are at all sensible

per year by the twentieth year. This is an important indication of just how sensitive the U.S. budget is to continued economic growth.

To reduce the deficit we do not need to cut spending. But we must show some self-control. After all, the Congress could spend every penny collected in revenue and then some. To illustrate the long-term budget needs of

Assuming the freeze holds until 1994, both spending and taxes will be 19.5 per cent of GNP in that year. Over the next 15 years, taxes would automatically grow to between 22.3 and 22.9 per cent of GNP. The Congress could drastically increase the size of government and the government's share of the economy if it appropriated all of the extra tax revenue for that purpose.

Instead, the country should insist on a series of tax cuts in the latter part of the 1990s. The \$300-billion surplus forecast for 1999 would easily finance a 15 per cent reduction in tax rates across the board. If the entire surplus were applied to reducing the income-tax rates in the current code, the bottom rate would be reduced from 15 per cent to 10 per cent and the top rate reduced from 28 per cent to 20 per cent. From 2000, the personal-income-tax code I have proposed [cf. "On the Right," April 16], is designed to produce roughly the same amount of revenue as the current code. So if in the early 1990s we adopted Form 2000 with its single rate of 19 per cent, we would be able to reduce that rate even further in the late 1990s. Assuming we control spending for the next five years, the country will be able to afford substantial tax relief by the end of the century.

LONG-TERM FORECAST

Year	Revenue		Spending*	Difference	
	3.2%	2.7%		3.2%	2.7%
1989	\$ 976	\$ 976	\$1,137	\$ -161	\$ -161
1994	1,425	1,386	1,382	+43	+4
1999	2,100	1,982	1,752	+347	+230
2004	3,115	2,853	2,142	+973	+711
2009	4,649	4,127	2,880	+1,769	+1,246

All figures in billions.

*Data for 1989 from the FY1990 Budget. It shows \$971 billion in program spending and \$167 billion in interest. Under this scenario the program spending grows with inflation until 1994 and at inflation plus 2 per cent thereafter. Interest payments are calculated as 7.6 per cent of the outstanding debt and are then added to program spending to get total spending.

about spending. The only question is how fast we can expect the economy to grow.

Long-term economic projections are chancy, but let us consider two possibilities. The long-term growth of the U.S. economy since the end of World War II, averaging out recessions and expansions, has been 3.2 per cent per year. Though there is no reason to expect that we will do better in the future, there is also no reason to expect that we will do worse. We might reasonably project an average growth of 3.2 per cent over the next twenty years. If we limit our base to more recent years, say from 1981—the peak of the last business cycle—through 1986, which includes the deepest recession we have experienced since the Great Depression, we get an average growth in the economy of only 2.7 per cent per year. Projecting that figure forward would produce what we might call the bearish long-term forecast. The table on this page shows what would happen to revenues with these rates of growth over the next twenty years, assuming inflation continues at the average rate of the past several years, or about 4 per cent. In both cases, revenues grow quickly over time, and an increase of just 0.5 per cent in average real growth adds \$530 billion

the country, the "spending" column in this table employs a five-year "flexible freeze" such as President Bush championed during his campaign. The flexible freeze limits spending growth to the level of inflation for five years, then allows real program growth of 2 per cent per year. Thus, program spending rises at a 4.0 per cent annual rate through 1994 and at a 6.1 per cent annual rate thereafter. We assume the interest rate on the national debt, which cannot be frozen, will be about 7.6 per cent annually (that was the average rate of interest paid on outstanding publicly held debt during 1989, according to the 1990 *Federal Budget*).

This table shows that a tax increase is completely unnecessary. If spending is limited to the growth of inflation until 1994, we will have either a balanced budget (with slow growth) or a \$40-billion surplus (with average growth). After 1994, a large surplus arises and begins to grow even though spending is allowed to grow faster than inflation. By 2004 we will be showing annual surpluses of roughly \$800 billion and will have paid off the existing national debt.

Of course, this will not happen. Given such enormous revenues, the Congress will try to increase spending.

No Sleight of Hand

ALL OF THIS may seem magical given the headlines about the government's current fiscal crisis. Yet these calculations do not assume any behavioral changes on the part of the public, or any sharp drop in interest rates, or any unusual rate of economic growth. The only magic involved is the magic of normal economic growth compounded year after year, coupled with permanent restraint on the growth of government spending.

Present-day pundits, stuck in their static analysis of a single year's budget, never calculate the effect of revenue growth on the prospects for the U.S. budget. Hence the persistent calls for tax increases. But tax increases would tend to slow the rate of economic growth and reduce future revenue growth. Much better to keep taxes at current rates—or lower them—and assure continued economic growth not only for the Treasury but for all Americans. □

NELSON MANDELA, FREED

LINDA BRIDGES

LIVING, as we do, in the age of information overload, we know everything about South Africa except what it is like. When I visited the country for the first time, I was of course interested in it as a political journalist. But a more deep-seated, if less "serious," interest stemmed from reading Twenties and Thirties novels. I had been intrigued by the way the British of that period reacted to southern Africa—rather as the New Englanders of a century earlier had reacted to the American Southwest. There was the appeal of the exotic but spare landscape, the wide open spaces and fresh opportunities.

In the event, Johannesburg, where I entered the country, is so like my native Los Angeles that it brought tears to my eyes. I return home often enough that I don't normally need to feel nostalgia for L.A.; but eight thousand miles away, the same mixture of bougainvillea, hibiscus, oleander, and muffler shops made a powerful impression.

Those muffler shops, in fact, struck me as a minor symbol of South Africa's place in the world at large. That country is the only part of the African continent, I am told by people who have traveled more widely there, where an American could feel so much at home. And this may be partly why alienated liberals hate it so much more than they do other repressive societies.

For repressive it has been. Having read many accounts over the years, I was astounded by how little segregation and how much public equality, in certain respects, there now is: astounded that blacks and whites could eat together in restaurants without attracting attention, that blacks could be served by whites, that blacks and whites could work literally shoulder to shoulder (as in a Cape Town hotel where, one morning, a blonde woman

and a black man stood on tiptoe together hanging a sign over a breakfast buffet). Compared to even ten years ago, this was significant change.

But then there was the hotel doorman in Johannesburg, with whom I had been exchanging casual chitchat for a week, who one day came over to talk politics, and to wonder (reasonably enough, I thought) how people could trust their children to the care of a woman whose legal existence they rated near zero. Or the black editor who told me of an encounter he had had that day: two of his staff—one Afrikaner, one imported English—had burst into his office wanting him to settle some dispute. "Get out of my office, both of you," he had said—"I have just twenty minutes to finish this leading article." And—he reported to me with some amazement—"here am I, a black man, telling two white professionals to get out of my office—and they went." Or the simple reaction of one black to some unpleasantness: "It hurts my heart."

This must be put to rights—on that point there is now wide (though not universal) agreement among Afrikaners. And while there have certainly been other factors influencing the tempo of events in South Africa, at bottom the system of apartheid was bound to change as soon as influential Afrikaners came to feel that it was no longer tenable. For some, it became morally untenable. One man—a representative of the South African government—told me that for him the epiphany came, appropriately, in church. If we are all God's children, he reasoned one day, then we are all brothers—and how can we treat our brothers as we have been doing? For others, the point was economic: if the country's potential was to be realized, blacks' brains as well as their hands had to be put to use. (Although one should add—*pace*

the South African Conservative Party, which considers the businessmen who make this point to be selling out to short-sighted self-interest—that admitting that blacks' brains are worth using is already a moral statement.)

But if apartheid is doomed—and indeed it has been crumbling for a number of years, with P. W. Botha at the height of his power starting to modify first one law and then another—what will come after it? South Africans want to hope. The formulation I heard with incantatory frequency, from members of all races, was: "There is an enormous reservoir of goodwill in this country." But one would have been hard pressed to tap that reservoir in the days following Nelson Mandela's release. The television footage of surging, challengingly triumphant black crowds; the clashes between looters and police in Cape Town (normally a city with good race relations); the escalation of warfare between the United Democratic Front and Inkatha in Natal—none of this spoke of the hoped-for goodwill.

Times Change

WHEN I WAS in South Africa a year and a half ago, racial harmony was in flower. Politeness reigned in the cities; in the countryside, black passersby smiled and waved at a lone white woman driving along. To be sure, there had been violent incidents just two years before; and two black businessmen I interviewed seemed to delight in using the cover of a foreign visitor to take digs at my Afrikaner guide. I thought of them as I watched those televised crowds. Can the politeness survive? And should it?

I believe so. Although my heart went out to people like the hotel doorman and the newspaper editor, or an Indian banker who explained why he *wasn't* going to give up on South Africa and follow his brother to Toronto, or the porter in a country inn who was flabbergasted by a tip his French or Italian counterpart would have politely taken for granted—I still could not, as a white American, manage to feel superior to the Afrikaners I met. Their ancestors came to that country three hundred years ago, as did the first of ours to America; fought with and pushed back the indigenous populations (our Indian tribes, their Hot-

tentots and Bushmen); and met and defeated, but did not extirpate, competing colonists who had come in from another direction (our Spanish/Mexicans, their Zulus and Xhosas). We wound up a majority, they a minority. How differently might our politics have arranged themselves had it been the other way around?

As it turned out, they have built the only stable society in all of sub-Saharan Africa. In recent decades, although blacks' efforts on their own behalf were certainly important, the real struggle was between those whites who wanted to keep the benefits of that society for themselves, and those who wanted to share. In the coming years, although the whites will not sit quietly as others decide their fate, the real struggle is likely to be between blacks who want to preserve what is good in that society while eliminating its basic injustice, and those who find it so fundamentally flawed that it must be torn down and rebuilt from the ground up. Mangosuthu Buthelezi's Indaba movement (*indaba* is Zulu for "meeting") represents the first of those impulses; the radical Pan-Africanist Congress the second. Where will Mandela—who faces the task of transforming himself back from an icon into a political leader—fit into this picture?

An answer emerges from viewing him alongside Buthelezi. Mandela, son of a chief of the Tembu tribe (allied with the Xhosas), fled his home in his early twenties and went to Johannesburg to be a policeman rather than submit to an arranged tribal marriage. Buthelezi, great-grandson of King Cetewayo, is the political leader of the Zulus, the largest and most storied tribe in South Africa, and traditional enemy of the Xhosas. While the Zulus have been as ill-treated as other blacks in their dealings with white South Africa, they have strong traditions, an attachment to the land—things, in other words, that they feel worth conserving. Buthelezi's vision is of a society composed of a number of different tribes and ethnic groups, peaceably co-existing in a federal system with constitutional protections for each group. Mandela's vision is of a "non-racial" country in which tribes would cease to have any importance. (I think he'd rather die than don a leopard skin, as

Buthelezi does for tribal ceremonies.) Hence the clashes in Natal between Buthelezi's Inkatha (the Zulu political organization—distinct from Indaba, which by definition welcomes members of all races) and the United Democratic Front (largely Zulu, but allied with Mandela's African National Congress) are battles over the very idea of tribalism.

This partly accounts for the odd treatment in the Western press of the two sides, in which Inkatha is referred to as a Zulu organization, and the UDF as a "broad-based anti-apartheid movement." It also helps to explain how the UDF can justify its *à outrance* bloodthirstiness toward other blacks, featuring the infamous necklacings: since the ANC-UDF combine has des-



ignated itself *the* representative of all blacks in South Africa, black groups that fail to back it are necessarily lackeys of apartheid.

Against this background of enmity, it is a measure of Mandela's personal stature, and the symbolic importance he had taken on during his imprisonment, that at one point a year or so ago Buthelezi refused the invitation of then-President Botha to participate in election reform, saying that no meaningful reform could be discussed until Mandela was released.

Saint Nelson

MANDELA in the last few weeks has been received resoundingly in the world press. While there has been a good deal of serious, level-headed reporting and analysis, there have also been

headlines such as "Mandela: Free of Bitterness," "Mandela Faces Test as Peacemaker," and, ascending sharply on the hagiographical scale, "Mandela: The Man and His Myth—Years Out of Public View Have Given Prisoner Aura of a Messiah." In his speech in Cape Town upon his release, he described F. W. de Klerk as "a man of integrity." In his first press conference the next day, he was gracious toward the National Party ministers who had visited him in prison, and he spoke movingly of the kindness of his jail wardens: "That has wiped out any bitterness which a man could have." In a speech in Natal two weeks later, he urged his followers and their opponents to throw down their weapons and cease their bloodshed. In interviews he has said things like, "We must clearly demonstrate our goodwill to our white compatriots and convince them by our conduct and arguments that a South Africa without apartheid will be a better home for all."

But these words of reconciliation have alternated with very different signals. He speaks of peace, but the clenched fist goes up in salute. Although he describes himself as a Marxist but not a Communist, he gives unreserved praise to the South African Communist Party, and identifies himself as a "loyal and disciplined member" of the African National Congress, whose public policy statements have used language strikingly similar to that of Brezhnev-era Soviet Communism, including calls for "people's democracy." (In this regard it's worth noting that Umkonto we Sizwe—the Spear of the Nation—commonly referred to as "the military arm of the ANC," is actually a joint project of the ANC and the South African Communist Party.) Mandela speaks about the need to reassure "the whites [who] are our fellow citizens," but then adduces the necessity to nationalize certain industries, especially banking and mining, and to "redistribute" the wealth. He wishes to negotiate with the government, but only if the ANC is placed on "an equal footing" with the National Party—neatly cutting out Inkatha (not to mention the Coloreds and Asians) from consideration. And with breathtaking disregard for a segment of South Africa's white population that has produced many opponents of

apartheid (most notably Helen Suzman), he embraced both Yasir Arafat and his principles, and said that if "the truth hurts" South Africa's Jews, "it is too bad."

For years, FREE NELSON MANDELA has

been the battlecry worldwide of people who could not reliably have found South Africa on a map. Nelson Mandela, freed, is much bigger than any of the slogans of the Left, but may find himself entrapped by them. □

COLD WAR LESSON

CONTAINMENT WORKS

NORMAN B. HANNAH

WHEN Mikhail Gorbachev came to power in 1985, I was writing a book in order to extract a bone that had been stuck in my throat since the Vietnam War.

The book, entitled *The Key to Failure: Laos and the Vietnam War*, was based on the premise, boldly acknowledged today by Hanoi, that the war was primarily one of North Vietnamese conquest launched through Laos and only secondarily one of indigenous insurgency in South Vietnam. It followed that the only sound objective of U.S. military intervention would be to defend South Vietnam against invasion through Laos, an application of the strategy of containment against Communist aggressive expansion. The only real alternative was no U.S. military intervention at all. But the U.S. had tied its policy to a fond false hope that Sino-Soviet rivalry would induce the Soviets to support a neutral Laos. We persisted in this error while the USSR reneged on its promised support of Laotian neutrality. With but two real choices before us—to block Hanoi's slow invasion or to stay out of the war—our attempt to split the difference was the origin of our failure in Indochina.

But what is to be said, in the light of today's startling decay in the Communist world, for the application of containment to the case of Vietnam? Since Hanoi's conquest, China is on better terms with the U.S. than with Vietnam. The USSR—having encouraged Vietnamese withdrawal from

Cambodia, withdrawn Russian forces from Afghanistan, and denounced its own ABM violation at Krasnoyarsk—is convulsed by ideological, economic, and ethno-nationalistic upheavals. Was it then, really necessary to "contain" it in Southeast Asia?

In September 1947, George Kennan spoke to a class of foreign-service officers, of whom I was one. He was "Mr. X," and of all the senior officials who lectured to us none was more inspiring. He not only illuminated the Soviets' shocking westward march into Hungary and Czechoslovakia but had a practical methodology for meeting it: "long-term, patient, but firm and vigilant containment." Why? Because "Soviet power . . . [which he later described as "based on the evil and weakness in man's nature"] . . . bears within it the seeds of its own decay. . . . The United States has it in its power . . . to promote tendencies which must eventually find their outlet in either the breakup or gradual mellowing of Soviet power." What was this but a farsighted encouragement of *glasnost* and *perestroika*?

Does the worldwide decay of Communism mean that containment was unnecessary after all? On the contrary, Kennan was right. It was "patient, but firm and vigilant containment" that caused the "seeds of [Communist] decay" to produce today's "mellowing" and possible "breakup" of Communist power. Containment has had a generally good record in Europe, Turkey, Korea, and South Asia (until the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan). Our failure in Indochina did not disprove its validity—only the validity of the specific means we used. Despite the Indochina disaster our contain-

ment strategy was applied well enough and long enough to prepare the ground for the seeds of freedom.

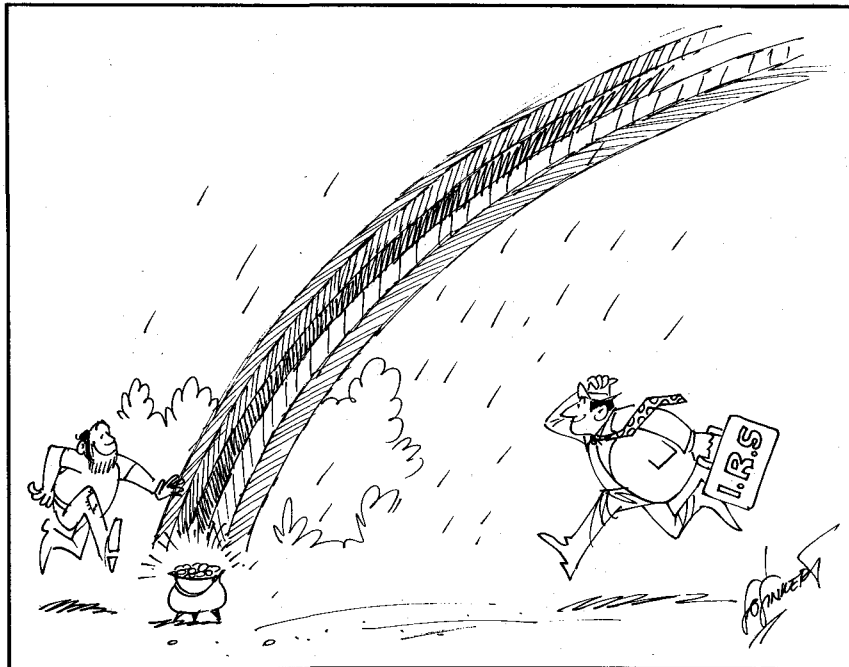
We can, by maintaining the containment posture, encourage a domino process that promises, sooner or later, to complete the breakup of Communist power. Scorned as the "domino theory" and deliberately misunderstood with respect to Southeast Asia, the domino concept means only that in power politics, as in the physical world, a force moving in a given direction will continue to move, gaining momentum from sequential victories until deflected or stopped by a greater force (*The Key to Failure*, p. 154). The domino force of North Vietnamese expansionism was stopped by Hanoi's poor performance in South Vietnam, revolution generated by the murderous Khmer Rouge, and pressure from China and other countries in the region, supported by the United States. Given that the threat to the USSR is systemic, generated by its own inherent contradictions, and that, from China to Finland, Russia is surrounded by peoples unlikely to take risks to save the Soviet Empire, we may yet witness a spectacular demonstration of the domino process at work.

The good news is that our failure in Indochina came late enough in the cold war not to unravel the seam of Soviet containment we had stitched, which continues to benefit freedom's cause, as in Nicaragua. The bad news is that we paid a horrible price for going to war on the basis of a woolly hope of Soviet benign purpose. The lesson of Indochina stands unchanged: Confronted with a choice between defending South Vietnam and not defending it, our attempt to split the difference guaranteed our failure.

No Princess

THE LESSON is important. In the fairy tale, a princess kisses an ugly frog, changing it into a handsome prince. But Gorbachev is no princess, and seven-plus decades of Soviet rule are no fairy tale. It remains to be seen whether a free, democratic, and stable society can emerge from the corrupt body of totalitarianism. Meanwhile, we cannot allow our security to be hitched to the convolutions of Soviet politics, as we did in Indochina. Containment works—but its job is not done yet. □

Mr. Hannah is a retired foreign-service officer. The paperback edition of The Key to Failure is due out soon from Madison Books.



Brooklyn 1990 RICHMOND TIMES DISPATCH 2/23



"HE WON'T HARM YOU... HE'S JUST A CUDDLY OL' TEDDY BEAR!... NOW, TURN OVER YOUR WEAPONS RE-E-EAL SLOW, SO YOU WON'T STARTLE HIM!..."

Six Bucks for a Martini?

A dime once thrilled a bellboy;
A quarter paid for lunch;
While dollar bills bought silken ties
And roses by the bunch.
A five-spot was sufficient
To rent a hotel room,
And, with illicit passions spent,
A C-note bought a tomb.

W. H. VON DREELE



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Reflections of a Leninist Lapdog

ADAM B. ULAM

A BYELORUSSIAN peasant's son, Andrei Gromyko had a dazzling start to his official career. At 29, after serving as a research assistant in an economics institute, he was made head of the American section of the commissariat of foreign affairs, half a year later counselor in Washington, and then at 34, in the middle of World War II, ambassador to the United States. The American reader should be told that this advancement was made possible by the veritable slaughter of the Soviet diplomatic corps during the purges, which made somebody with even rudimentary knowledge of English a rare commodity in official Moscow. But the author undoubtedly had other talents, for his career flourished thereafter: ambassador to the United Nations, ambassador to Great Britain, foreign minister from 1957 to 1985. In 1973, by entering the Politburo, he became one of the rulers of his country.

Memoirs, by Andrei Gromyko, with Foreword by Henry Kissinger (Doubleday, 414 pp., \$24.95)

In 1985 he was shunted aside to the then largely honorary job of head of state, and in 1988, in one of Gorbachev's purges of the old guard, retired from his Party and state offices.

The original memoirs were written between 1979 and 1987, and, as the Russian edition notes, they were intended to present a "comprehensive picture of the foreign policy of the USSR, its devotion to the ideals of peace, democracy, and humanism." In the process of being translated into English, the book underwent a curious transformation: "The editor/translator had discretion as to what to retain, and the author undertook to write new pieces on a number of topics selected by the editor"—so we are informed at the end of the English version. This accounts for a certain ambiguity in the translated work. One of the additions is a 32-page-long chapter about Stalin

in which the author, as post-1985 *glasnost* requires, lambastes the late tyrant for his crimes and describes him as utterly without the "natural instincts of a normal human being." But in an earlier section Gromyko is most complimentary about the man who had launched him on his brilliant ca-



Tim Bower

reer. The sadist of the (added) chapter 20 is earlier on a man who "even when he was angry . . . never exceeded the permitted limits," and who also never lost "his faith in the people, the party, and his armed forces." While toward the end he is described as a bumbling speaker and incompetent policymaker, an early page assures us that "his speeches had an original style. His thinking consisted of precisely formulated non-standard ideas." The "earlier" Stalin is also a man of high

culture, witty, and not without compassion.

There were a lot of Jews living in the Gomel region where Gromyko spent his childhood, something which is noted in the English version, as is his friendship with a Jewish lad. But I was unable to find any reference to the subject in the Russian text. The most bizarre addition of all, however, has nothing to do with *perestroika's* winds of change. The author is made to recollect fondly his one meeting with Marilyn Monroe; that is understandable. But what is less so is that he also attributes to the late actress "good relations with the Soviet Union and Soviet culture," and wonders whether in view of such relations Miss Monroe, rather than having committed suicide, was not done in by the U.S. "special services."

Gromyko was evidently a skillful diplomat, and as Henry Kissinger assures us in his foreword, he could be amiable and entertaining in his personal contacts. It is therefore all the more pathetic and puzzling that most of what he says, apart from a few curiosities, is quite banal. The author's judgments on men and events, especially those in connection with the West, conform to what an ordinary Soviet propagandist of the pre-Gorbachev era might have written, rather than what one might expect from a man of Gromyko's standing and vast experience in diplomacy and politics. The book abounds in jarring misrepresentations of the West's policies, some of which were already out of fashion in the USSR when the author was putting them down. Thus it was South Korea, egged on by the U.S., that attacked the North and started the war. Lord Halifax, foreign secretary when Britain declared war on Hitler, had been seeking an agreement with Germany against the Soviet Union. The purpose of the Marshall Plan was "to consolidate capitalism, and prevent progressive social change." The installation of the Soviet medium-range missiles in Cuba in 1962 was a purely defensive measure. And so on.

At times the charges brought up against "bourgeois" politicians are not only slanderous, but absurd. The Communist coup of February 1948 that ended democracy in Czechoslovakia is represented as foiling a reactionary conspiracy by President Benes (who, incidentally, was a great friend of the

Mr. Ulam, director of the Harvard University Russian Research Center, is the author of, among other books, The Bolsheviks and Stalin: The Man and His Era.

Soviet Union), which "was aimed at overthrowing the people's regime, restoring capitalism, and taking Czechoslovakia into NATO." As a matter of fact, NATO was not initiated until 1949. Even more original is Gromyko's version of the Soviet suppression of the Prague Spring: "I recall the arrival in Moscow of the official Czechoslovak delegation led by Dubcek. . . . A banquet was arranged in their honor in the Kremlin. . . . Dubcek . . . did not remain in his job since he lacked the necessary authority in the country." Dubcek and his entourage were of course kidnapped by the Soviets in the course of the invasion and taken to Moscow as prisoners.

Perhaps we could forgive the writer such inanities if he had revealed some new facts about the inside story of Soviet politics between 1973 and 1988, in which he was not only an observer but, as a member of the Politburo, an important decision-maker. Alas, even on that subject his observations, while no longer as scabrous as his references

to some topics connected with the West, are equally unenlightening. Even a casual reader of *Pravda* during the past few years would have learned much more about politics on the Soviet Olympus than what Gromyko felt proper to reveal to his countrymen and the world.

What could have constrained this obviously talented man to choose to be remembered by such a dismally hackneyed account of so eventful a life? Since the book appeared after 1985 and in the author's lifetime, it was probably not subjected to that careful scrutiny through which the memoirs of deceased Soviet bigwigs had to pass to assure that they adhered to the current Party line. So it is probably the intellectual as well as moral self-emasculation of the pre-1985 Soviet ruling class which was responsible for much of the trouble. And after reading the book we can understand better the passion and anger with which so many current Soviet intellectuals seek to retrieve historical truth. □

1977 to Yasir Arafat's private fund; that the PLO has a majority share in the French station Radio Monte Carlo; and that it owns an (unnamed) American motel chain. Livingstone and Halevy total up the organization's assets and come up with something in the neighborhood of \$8 to \$14 billion. This wealth so impresses them that they conclude "money is the source of Yasir Arafat's power."

What is one to do with such information? There are virtually no references; journalists see a book as not much different from a newspaper page, and rarely provide the sort of footnotes that can be verified. It ends up being a matter of faith in the authors; either one believes in them or one does not. And in each case this decision boils down to two matters: the author's good name and his accuracy when reporting familiar information. If both of these are good, then the book stands a chance of being accurate; if not, it is best to ignore his claims.

Applying these two criteria to *Inside the PLO* produces fairly startling results. The work of one of the authors, Neil Livingstone, has been subject to quite a bit of doubt. For example, in the current issue of *Orbis*, Steven Emerson writes that Livingstone's recent book, *The Cult of Counterterrorism*, contains "serious errors, errors which render the whole work suspect." The other author, David Halevy, was the reporter who provoked Ariel Sharon's libel case against *Time* in 1985. The verdict, as read by the jury foreman, was that Halevy "acted negligently and carelessly in both reporting and verifying . . . information."

A close analysis of *Inside the PLO* shows that it too is replete with errors, small and big. The Institute for Palestine Studies turns into the "Center for Palestinian Studies." The Jaffee Center for Strategic Studies turns into the "Jaffe Institute for Strategic Studies." James Adams's *The Financing of Terror* is once cited correctly, once as *The Funding of Terror*.

Mistakes on the grand scale also abound. One example will have to suffice. In discussing the fanatics, led by Juhayman al-Utaybi, who seized the Grand Mosque in Mecca in 1979, the authors ascribe to them the phrase *Allah wa-Akbar wa-Khomeini Rasual Allah* ("God is great and Khomeini is the Prophet of God"). This is a stun-

Sensational, Thrilling—and False

DANIEL PIPES

THERE is a whole genre of books on the Middle East written by journalists and full of unsubstantiated claims about military activities, intelligence work, and terrorism—subjects where confidentiality looms large. Mohamed Heikal, the

Inside the PLO: Covert Units, Secret Funds, and the War against Israel and the United States, by Neil C. Livingstone and David Halevy (Morrow, 336 pp., \$21.95)

Egyptian journalist, has written several books of this sort (*The Sphinx and the Commissar, Iran: The Untold Story, Autumn of Fury*), as have Jonathan Randal of the *Washington Post* (*Going All the Way*) and the Iranian Amir Taheri (*The Spirit of Allah, Holy Terror, Nest of Spies*).

Mr. Pipes is director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute in Philadelphia and editor of *Orbis*, the institute's quarterly journal of world affairs. Two of his books, *The Rushdie Affair* and *Greater Syria*, will be published this spring.

Inside the PLO fits this category. The authors make any number of sensational assertions. One chapter, for example, provides a blow-by-blow account of the April 1988 execution of Khalil al-Wazir (Abu Jihad), the PLO military chief. Livingstone and Halevy finger the Israelis and tell a story that reads like a thriller:

[The] A Team assembled momentarily outside the door to Abu Jihad's bedroom. Alerted by the muffled sounds coming from downstairs, he groggily raised his head from the pillow. But it was too late. In a split second the commandos were in the bedroom. Abu Jihad's wife was lying next to him. The darkness was punctuated by staccato bursts from the silenced sub-machine guns, which illuminated the room like the flashes of a strobe light, as the commandos riddled Abu Jihad's body, leaving his terrified wife unharmed.

Another example concerns PLO finances. The authors hold that Luft-hansa, the West German airline, paid protection money to keep PLO hijackers away from its planes between 1972 and 1977; that, for similar reasons, OPEC has paid \$120 million since

ner. It is one of Islam's most basic tenets that Muhammad was the last prophet. No Muslim, and certainly not Khomeini himself, has ever substituted the Ayatollah's name for Muhammad's as the Prophet of God. And even if some of Khomeini's crazier partisans were to make this change, every writer on the Mecca mosque seizure has concluded that the assailants were in no way connected to Khomeini. For example, David Lacey wrote in his 1981 book *The Kingdom*: "In no way were Juhayman and his followers adherents of the Ayatollah." The phrase quoted by Livingstone and Halevy would require a total reinterpretation of the Mecca incident.

But, who knows? Maybe these two authors—who announce proudly on the first page of their book that they have "relied heavily on information developed in cooperation with six intelligence services: three in the West and three in the Middle East"—know something the rest of us don't.

Not likely. Even a first-year student of Arabic can tell that the phrase they

quote is false, and for two reasons. First, Livingstone and Halevy's rendering contains the most elementary spelling errors. When added to the many other mistakes in Arabic throughout the book, this suggests that the authors relied on dubious sources, perhaps even disinformation. Second, they have the Islamic formula all wrong. The basic assertion of faith—what a person says, for example, on converting to Islam—is "There is no divinity but God and Muhammad is his prophet." To substitute "God is great" in the first half of this statement is to betray a complete ignorance of Islam.

All these mistakes lead this reader to conclude that Livingstone and Halevy's whole account of the Mecca mosque incident has to be thrown out. Better yet, discard the whole book. And if you want to learn about the world's most successful terrorist group, refer instead to Jillian Becker's *The PLO* or Yonah Alexander and Joshua Sinai's *Terrorism: The PLO Connection*. □

consumers and followers." In a chilling (and unusually frank) quote, the author gives us Japanese statesman Wataru Hiraizumi's views:

"Uncle Sam is already broke, but we're supporting him. We Japanese are paying for American self-indulgence with our hard work. We buy your Treasury notes and your bonds, although they're virtually valueless. Then you use our money to buy more goods from us—and from our protégés in Asia: Taiwan and Korea. Uncle Sam won't work to feed his habit."

In the same vein, Elegant reminds us that "the Japanese already own a quarter of the commercial property in downtown Los Angeles and nearly half the high-rises," and that "The world's nine biggest banks, three largest trading companies, and Nomura Securities, the biggest trader in stocks, bonds, and other financial instruments, are all Japanese." And, as in other matters, Taiwan and South Korea are starting to follow the same investment strategy.

All too often, the response to these unpleasant truths has been Japan-bashing, but as Elegant reminds us: "It is much easier to rail against the new 'Yellow Peril' than to analyze the rise of Asia. It is far easier to demonstrate against unfair Asian practices than to go beyond prejudice and pride and see our own shortcomings." While this book is far from a they-do-everything-right-and-we're-hopeless jeremiad, Americans looking for easy answers and comforting reassurances will have to go elsewhere.

Elegant makes the point over and over that there is no such thing as "the Asiatic mind." Asia is as much a mixed bag of cultures and customs as Europe. Nonetheless, there is one philosopher whose influence permeates almost the entire continent—Confucius. It would be impossible to overestimate the influence of Confucianism on modern Asia. The bright side of this belief system—the spark plug of Asian prosperity—consists of the familiar virtues of respect for education, loyalty, and hard work. But there are at least two dark sides. The first is nepotistic corruption, which is viewed not as a fault but as a point of principle. "When a man became prime minister or a junior magistrate," says Elegant, "his remote relations *expected* to get government jobs and government contracts. If he did not provide for them lavishly at the expense of the

Asian Dawn

JACK D. KIRWAN

EVER SINCE Hyundais and Hondas started clogging America's highways, we've been inundated with books claiming to make the East scrutable. Most offer little more than superficial analysis and recycled clichés, but occasionally a book is published that actually lives up to

***Pacific Destiny: Inside Asia Today*, by Robert Elegant (Crown, 544 pp., \$24.95)**

its hype, and gives a clear, accurate, and insightful picture of the Orient. *Pacific Destiny* is such a book.

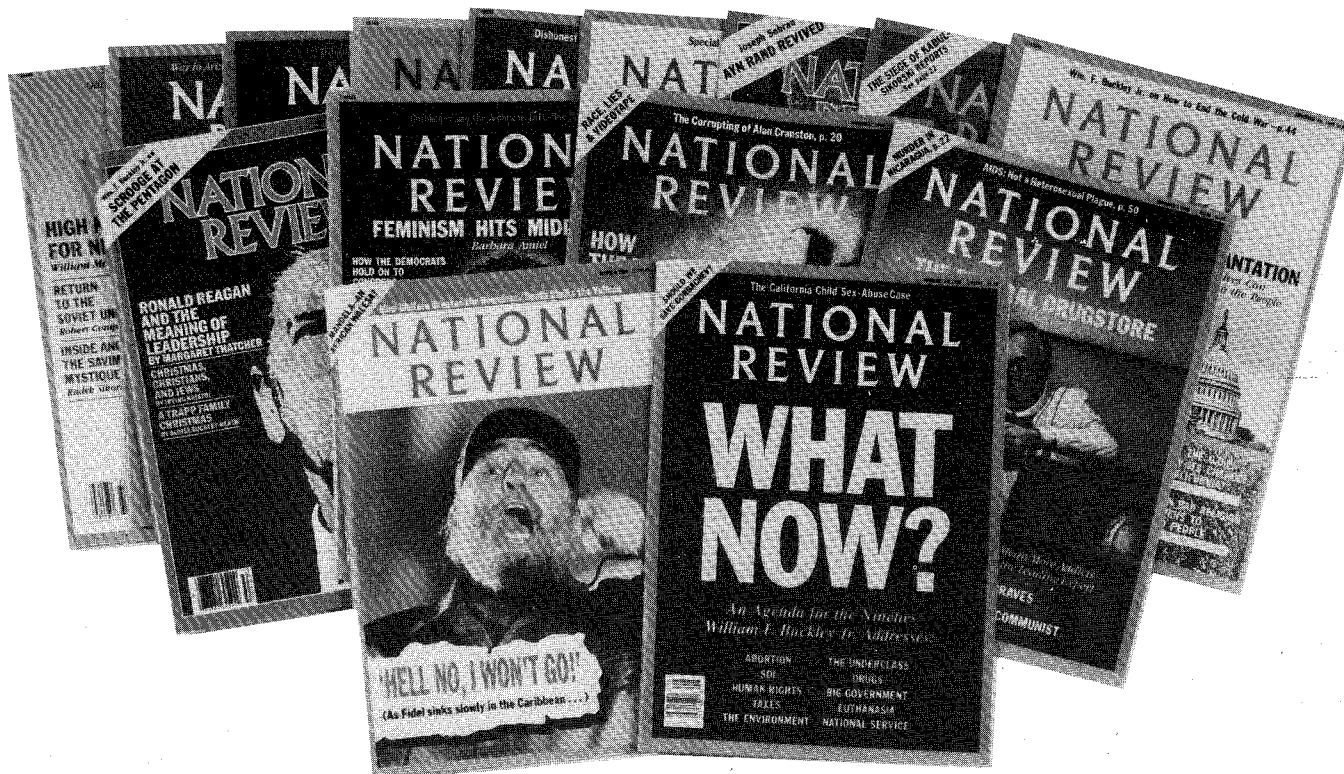
Putting all of Asia into a single volume (even a fat one) is like trying to stuff a sleeping-bag into a sake cup. Accordingly, Robert Elegant has limited himself to those areas where the political and economic action is already (or soon will be) taking place.

Mr. Elegant is unusually well qualified to write a book like this. Fluent in

several Asian languages (including Chinese and Japanese), he was a foreign correspondent in Asia for 25 years, and is a best-selling novelist (*Dynasty, Manchu*) and nonfiction author. He spent two years doing research for *Pacific Destiny*. Inevitably, his book will be compared with John Gunther's *Inside* books from the 1930s and '40s. It really is no contest. Gunther hoppedscotched all over the planet, interviewed anybody and everybody, and churned out what we would now call pop journalism. Elegant, while no less prolific, is more specialized and probes far deeper. He has played the course many times, and knows where the sand traps are. As he puts it, "This book is . . . not written for specialists. . . . This book is for the men and women who must strive to restore the competitiveness of the West, the United States above all, with the young giants of Asia. To regain superiority is, I believe, impossible."

From the first chapter, Elegant lays it on the line: "Asia could now be making the West obsolete, reducing us to

Mr. Kirwan is a professor of economics at the University of Arizona.



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Janet Hamlin

state, he would be shamed." The second, perhaps even more pernicious fault has been the Confucian tradition of thinking that all wisdom resides in the classics, and therefore haughtily discounting new and/or foreign ideas. Still, in most of East Asia, particularly in Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Singapore, Confucianism has been a great asset.

Elegant offers a chapter, sometimes two, on each country. Even in such well plowed fields as China, Taiwan, and Japan, he manages to come up with fresh ideas and information. If you're the type that likes to highlight important passages in books, get a spray can for this one. Nobody has given a better or more succinct description of the tightrope a Japanese must always walk: "You must trim your behavior to the prevailing opinion among your colleagues. You must tactfully prove yourself better than they are, but not set yourself apart from them." In a typically interesting aside, Elegant points out that the Japanese drug of choice is not heroin or cocaine, which slow life down, but amphetamines, which make the merry-go-round spin even faster.

The chapters on Malaysia, Indonesia, and the Philippines are particularly valuable, providing a great deal of background on countries about which most Westerners know very little. Malaysia, for instance, is undergoing a revival of Islamic fundamentalism, and the graft-sodden Philippines are not much better off under Mrs. Aquino than they were under Marcos. The Philippines is one of the few places on earth where Communism is doing well (thanks in large

part to support from the clergy, both foreign and domestic). However, Muslim Indonesia (the world's sixth largest and fifth most populous country) is both secular and strongly anti-Communist. The author reminds us that in Indonesia, as in so much of South and Southeast Asia, it is the entrepreneurship of the overseas Chinese that makes the economy tick.

The sections on Vietnam paint a very gloomy picture. Corruption and crime are pandemic, even worse than in the Philippines. Again, Elegant puts it bluntly:

Through inefficiency, corruption, maladministration, and misdirection, Vietnam has become the most miserable of all cultured countries. . . . The Vietnamese have given up even the pretense of honesty, official or private, when a civil servant's monthly salary will buy just a bowl of soup at a street stall.

Nonetheless, in one of the very few unconvincing parts of the book, Elegant

(for tortuous geopolitical reasons) suggests that the United States offer "diplomatic recognition and economic assistance" to the Hanoi regime.

The most poignant part of the book is the section on Hong Kong. Elegant begins: "I could not write objectively about Hong Kong even if I wanted to. It is too much a part of me . . . Hong Kong is home, the small place on earth I care most about." Elegant has caught the magic of this marvelous city and also the incredible tragedy that it will be handed over to Peking in a few short years. What little hope Hong Kong had was washed away by the bloodbath in Tiananmen Square. The local one-liner "Will the last one to leave please turn off the lights?" says it all.

In sum, Robert Elegant has given us a splendid combination of sound scholarship, stunning insight, and very fine writing. For anyone going to, interested in, or concerned about Asia, it is must reading. □

The Midland Machiavel

JOE MYSAK

THE SECOND volume of Robert Caro's biography of Lyndon Johnson is a melodramatic and overwritten morality play, the perfect portrait of a political monster. But as the man says, an epic subject invites a certain excess.

The book covers the years 1941 to 1948, during which Johnson made his

The Years of Lyndon Johnson: Means of Ascent, by Robert A. Caro (Knopf, 506 pp., \$24.95)

fortune, spent 13 minutes in action in the Pacific to fill out his war record, and stole a seat in the U.S. Senate. As Caro writes, "These seven years are years in which Johnson was all but totally consumed by his need for power, and by his efforts to obtain it. So in this volume can be seen—stark and unadorned—the traits which were later to divide a nation."

Caro is a harsh judge, but he has done the legwork necessary to pass

Mr. Mysak is managing editor of the daily Bond Buyer and chief saloon correspondent for The American Spectator.

sentence. In fact, if nothing else, *Means of Ascent* can be read as a guide to how investigative journalists go about their business: saturation reporting, including interviews with everyone who was there and in-depth examination of documents.

As readers of Caro's previous volume on Johnson, *The Path to Power*, and his study of Robert Moses, *The Power Broker*, know, Caro piles on the details indefatigably, relentlessly.

In the first volume, Caro's Johnson was a not wholly unsympathetic character, a politician on the make, committed to helping his constituents, and possessed of a darkly starry belief that if he did *everything, absolutely everything*, he would win. The Lyndon of Volume II is a man running out of time, with a desperate, burning ambition at his core. As Caro notes, in Volume I there were bright and dark threads running side by side through Johnson's life. Not so in Volume II.

There are insights into character throughout, buttressed by scores of interviews. This is how LBJ chose his staff: "As a general rule, . . . the men he picked were not the brightest avail-

able, nor the men with the most initiative or ability. They were, rather, the men who had demonstrated the most unquestioning obedience—not merely a willingness but an eagerness to take orders, to bow to his will. While he called it ‘loyalty,’ the capacity he prized most in his subordinates was actually the capacity for subservience.”

The man also had an almost limitless capacity for lying. Caro gets to the truth behind Johnson’s radio station, KTBC in Austin, which he always claimed was his wife’s, but which he himself built. Caro gives the exact details of Johnson’s ignoble war record, and shows precisely how little Johnson did in Congress.

But Caro is at his best on the Democratic Senate primary of 1948, which pitted Johnson, whose career was flagging, against former governor Coke Stevenson, a virtuous conservative cowboy, as dignified and principled as Johnson was not. In that election Johnson revolutionized Texas politics, taking his campaign to the people by helicopter, on the radio, through the mail, and by paying various agents to talk him up in the saloons and on the courthouse lawns.

“In labor districts he was pro-labor, in anti-labor districts he was anti-labor, and in both districts he was very effective,” Caro writes. His opponent would not get into the trenches with Johnson, but “Dignity was a luxury in a fight with Lyndon Johnson. . . . Pride was a luxury that an opponent of Lyndon Johnson could not afford. Once Johnson found an issue, true or untrue, that ‘touched,’ he hammered it—until people started to be-

lieve it . . . no one could destroy a reputation better.” When it was over, and he’d *still* lost, LBJ did what he had to do: *everything, absolutely everything*. He stole it.

“From the earliest beginnings of Lyndon Johnson’s political life . . .,” Caro concludes, “his tactics had consistently revealed a pragmatism and a cynicism that had no discernible limits. His morality was the morality of the ballot box, a morality in which nothing matters but victory and any maneuver that leads to victory is justified, a morality that was amorality.”

Through exhaustive research, Caro disproves the claim that what Johnson did in the election—the outright manufacture of thousands of votes, holding back precincts from reporting for nearly a week—was typical of Texas politics at the time. “He was operating

beyond the loosest boundaries of prevailing custom and political morality.” Other elections had been stolen, but none so brazenly. Only fervent Johnson loyalists will doubt it.

Some reviewers have questioned Caro’s methods. Surely, they say, he paints with too broad a stroke. Surely the characters are too outlandish, too stereotypical, too one-dimensional. For these readers, one picture is worth several thousand words, and that is the photograph of the team that put together the Johnson election heist, grouped around the chrome nose of an automobile, the enigmatic ballot box 13, key to victory, perched on the hood. The look on these boys’ faces is just too much for words. They positively beam down the years. LBJ himself loved the photo, Caro tells us, and it is no wonder. Don’t miss it. □

Our Trough: Misshaping America

JOSEPH SOBRAN

DOES RECENT American history make any sense? In *Our Country*, Michael Barone offers an absorbingly detailed account of our recent past that seems to lead nowhere. Oddly, the book is least interesting when it covers the years we remember most vividly and have the deepest passions about, the Reagan years. The ending is lame.

But all in all, this is an intelligent

Our Country: The Shaping of America from Roosevelt to Reagan, by Michael Barone (Free Press, 840 pp., \$29.95)

and reflective survey. Barone, a liberal in principle with strong conservative leanings, has a fair mind and excludes almost nobody from his sympathies. He reintroduces some important personalities of their day who are now fading from memory: Charles Murphy, Robert Wagner, John L. Lewis, Arthur Vandenberg, Robert Taft, Francis Spellman, Adlai Stevenson, Wilbur Mills, Emanuel Celler, Everett Dirksen. Don’t expect colorful portraits, but Barone does remind us that they counted and why.

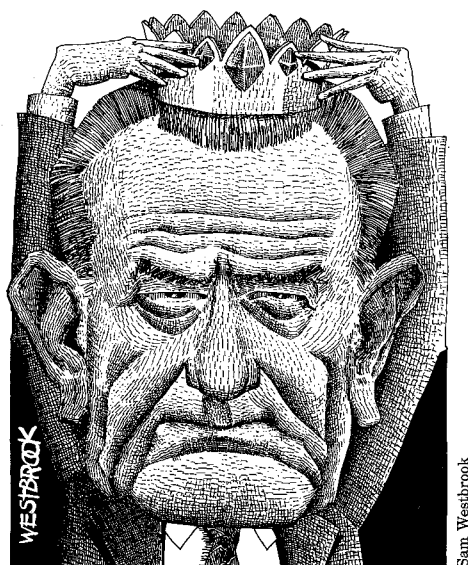
All history is revisionist, but Barone’s revisions are distinguished less by boldness than by perceptive accu-

racy. Of Stevenson, the alleged “egg-head,” he observes that “he was no brainier than Eisenhower, only more ironic.” That’s sharp but not unkind. It points up what most people, especially intellectuals, overlook: that what passes for intelligence is often a matter of style, causing other kinds of intelligence to be underrated.

Barone’s attention to detail brings him to the judgment that John Kennedy was a more effective President than he’s been given credit for. Kennedy was actually pretty successful at getting his agenda through Congress; he just didn’t have a very dramatic agenda to begin with. The two exceptions, his tax-cut and civil-rights bills, were heading for passage when he was murdered.

Barone’s characterization of Barry Goldwater is typical:

He was unconstrained by traditional standards of behavior: he was not from a verdant neighborhood filled with Georgian mansions or magnificent stone houses fitted out with Early American or country English antiques, but from a subdivision with cactus-bordered streets, desert-sand front lawns, and stucco houses fitted out with Navajo art and electronic gadgets like Goldwater’s automatic flagpole. Goldwater by 1963 was . . . transforming himself, consciously or



not, from the last Taft conservative to the first Sunbelt conservative.

Lyndon Johnson "had lost control of events by late 1965 because, for all his brilliance, he did not understand his success."

He understood too well the world he had grown up in—the world in which you could sneak America into a war but you couldn't lose China, the world in which getting businessmen and big-city bosses to endorse you got you the mass of Republican and Democratic voters as well—and he failed to understand well enough the world he, prominently among others, had brought into existence.

Richard Nixon "turned out to be a lib-

eral President, but one who infuriated liberals in the process"—a paradox Barone is the first to have noticed, let alone analyzed so trenchantly.

Barone is especially sensitive to the cultural dimension of politics, where he thinks the real fault lines lie. (He regards economic interests as generally subordinate.) By 1968,

Americans were looking to their government not for the affirmation of change and the distribution of aid, but for the restoration of predictability and the imposition of rules. They saw around them riots and demonstrations and rising crime rates—all things which they had had no experience of for a quarter-century and which they hated.

He speaks of the Sixties as a time of "cultural war" in which the rules had been switched. "Young working-class men had once had, in return for their lower status and incomes, the consolation of knowing that their behavior was sanctioned as normal and average by a culturally unified society which valued the commonplace." Suddenly "they found themselves taking grave risks for which they received little honor or thanks."

For all his acuity and wide sympathy, Barone can't get a handle on the whole era. His is the sort of conservatism that approves too comprehensively. But if the era that began with Roosevelt is an era, rather than an ar-

RANDOM NOTES

■ **FALL FORWARD, SPRING BACK:** Random Notes has lately (and maybe too frequently) made comment on the current mood of book publishing. But this is our Spring Books issue, so we'll put aside such gloominess.

Instead, I will attempt to explain how the book-publishing industry malfunctions.

Blame the editors, a group of fabulous drudges, rarely without a book, a manuscript, a magazine, or a catalogue in hand. (Not that they find no time for non-literary culture; why, they read at night by the light of the television.) Their trouble is trendiness, caused by addiction to a handful of journals: the *New York Times*, *New York* magazine, *Vanity Fair*. Read same, think same, publish same.

The collision of similar projects is quite common, especially in the areas closest to the hearts of book editors: true crime, and Movement politics. So you get not one, but three books simultaneously about the jealous lover's murder of a diet doctor, and not three but thirty anti-nuke books. (I once acquired one of the latter—it was *my job*, you know—but publication came approximately 72 hours too late. "No," said the talk-show booking agent, "we did peace last week; we're not doing peace this week.")

It works this way: Mr. Man-of-the-Moment is profiled in the *Sunday Times*. By noon on Monday, he has received half a dozen calls, some from agents, some from editors. But he accepts only one offer, which means the losers start looking for another book, and fast. Word of Mr. Moment's six-fig-

ure triumph spreads, and soon the other editors have new proposals to consider. The house that bought Moment's book does a press release, hoping to scare away competition, but the rivals quickly discover a few other men and moments.

Usually, the *news* is concrete (the failure of Drexel Burnham, the meltdown at Chernobyl), and the number of possible versions is limited; damage to Mr. Moment's book is contained. But make the fad vague (disarmament, the environment), and the proliferation of competing books may be such that even the original becomes invisible.

"But," the *advocatus diaboli* at Blockbuster Books objects, "Goode & Knobler has Man-of-the-Moment's book on the environmental crisis."

"So?" the sponsoring editor sniffs, using the word that ends discussion: "Dr. One-Better's book is . . . *unique*."

BB and G&K are in the race, and will soon be joined by many others, including the houses where editors don't read the news but see it on CNN or *Sixty Minutes*. The race, as always, goes to the quick and the strong, although there may be few, if any, real winners. Spring 1990 will be a case study in big losers.

With Earth Day resuscitated, the major houses (just the half-dozen biggest) are offering no fewer than 24 books on the environment between March and August (publishing seasons—Spring and Fall—are six months long), with at least three books each on both the "Gaia hypothesis" and the murder of Chico Mendes—obscure subjects within a genre of limited ap-

peal. Multiply those two dozen books by at least a factor of ten (accounting in that way for the rest of the industry's output), and you'll have a notion of the trash heap polluting America's bookstores.

So at the exact moment that the idea of global warming is discredited, six new books about it are on sale at B. Dalton. If the North Pole were melting like an ice cube on August asphalt, the books, collectively, would not have worked in any case—there being too many of them—but there they are, side by side, trumpeting their urgent uniqueness as, one by one, the facts and the consumers pass them by.

Of course, the acquisition of environmental books by the individual publishers was not just a matter of the usual trendy risktaking. Such an explosion of titles is also a clear expression of editorial *commitment*, and it's fair to say the crusade has overwhelmed commercial judgment. How many readers of eco-books are there really? How many books will those readers read in a single season? If you're the book-review editor at *New Age Journal*, will you really be able to scale a stack of books twenty feet high? Is *Donahue* going to schedule no one but eco-authors (at two per program) over the next three months? Are libraries going to invest more than \$3,000 (conservatively estimated) over the same period just on books about acid rain and dolphin slaughter? Not many. Very few. No, no, no.

And that's why the *zealous editor* is an endangered species. Or should be.

—BRAD MINER

bitrary segment of time, Roosevelt must somehow have defined it.

How? Obviously, by expanding federal power. But that banal phrase can be mined for further meanings. Since FDR, the centralizing state has imposed potentially boundless obligations on us, disregarding previous constitutional restraints. Put another way, Roosevelt made it normal for millions of citizens to expect personal income from levies on their fellow citizens' earnings. This has created a conflict of interest in every voter who is tempted to use his franchise for his

own gain. Mill foresaw this situation as a problem: FDR saw it as the main chance. Not only politicians but voters themselves are now routinely bribed. This fact has changed the whole structure of American politics, and Reagan represented a reaction against the transformation, which still can't be discussed bluntly in public.

Unfortunately, Barone sees no problem. He understands cultural conservatism, but not economic conservatism. But this is less a fault than a limitation. As far as it goes, this is a very rewarding book. □

of literary analysis," or to University of Pennsylvania's Houston Baker, who touts the Black Power movement of the 1960s as a desirable alternative to the white Western culture he sees enshrined in the established literary canon, or to Duke University's Frederick Jameson, who propounds a Marxist vision of criticism that takes the "extreme position" that "the political perspective" is "the absolute horizon of all reading and all interpretation."

What Mr. Kimball has written is the fifth book of Pope's *Dunciad*, or else a guide to Swift's Academy of Lagado. As Nietzsche said, "I philosophize with a hammer." He meant that he was demolishing the plaster superstitions of his time. Mr. Kimball certainly wields his own hammer, often simply by quoting his targets in their own words. All of the really great literary

Against a Sea of Troubles

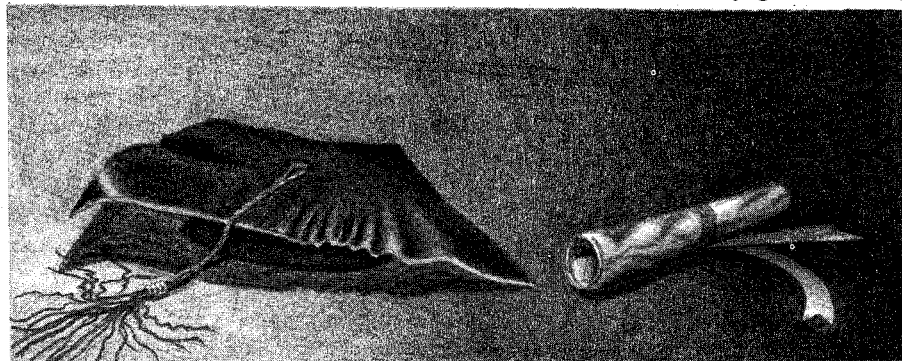
JEFFREY HART

SOMETHING IS certainly stirring in academia, and it's in the nature of a counter-revolution. All of a sudden, the awareness is general that our universities are being de-

Tenured Radicals: How Politics Has Corrupted Higher Education, by Roger Kimball (Harper & Row, 224 pp., \$18.95)

constructed, their curricula trashed and politicized, our moral and literary values forgotten. People outside the academy may think reports from the battlefield are exaggerated. An Ancient Mariner is telling them that books are being judged not on literary quality or historical accuracy, but on whether they are sexist, Eurocentric, or written by DWMs (Dead White Males). The texture of academic culture has unraveled before a sloganeering moralism. Disaster time.

The first counterattack came in *The Closing of the American Mind*, in which Allan Bloom called for a return to the real books and the major questions, and which evoked an enormous response, becoming a surprise best-seller. But more followed. We have had Jacques Barzun's *The Culture We Deserve*, Peter Shaw's *The War against the Intellect*, and Robert Alter's *The Pleasures of Reading*, each of which did brilliant battle on behalf of the best that has been thought and said. We have had Charles Sykes's *Profscam*, about the corruption of university teaching. I might mention my own *Acts of Recovery*, which engages



Ralph Westbon

these issues in a more oblique way by asserting acts of literary recovery amidst the academic devastation brought about by philistine ideology.

Now Roger Kimball weighs in with *Tenured Radicals*, another vigorous assault on academic radical chic. Mr. Kimball, managing editor of *The New Criterion*, certainly knows where the problems lie—at Yale, Johns Hopkins, and Duke to begin with, but also at other institutions across the nation.

It is no secret that the academic study of the humanities in this country is in a state of crisis. Proponents of deconstruction, feminist studies, and other politically motivated challenges to the traditional tenets of humanistic study have by now become the dominant voice in the humanities departments of many of our best colleges and universities. . . . Their object is nothing less than the destruction of the values, methods, and goals of traditional humanistic study. This book is a chronicle of the progress of that destruction . . . whether one turns to Princeton University's Elaine Showalter, who has called for a complete revolution in the teaching of literature to enfranchise "gender as a fundamental category

critics have been masterful writers of prose, and, in the case of Horace, Coleridge, Samuel Johnson, and T. S. Eliot, of poetry as well. But Mr. Kimball can quote the following representative passage from the writing of Professor Geoffrey Hartman of Yale. Be sure you are sitting down when you read this:

The fields of critical philosophy, literary theory, and history have an interlinguistic, not an extralinguistic, correlative; they are secondary in relation to the original, which is itself a previous text. They reveal an essential failure of disarticulation, which was already there in the original. They kill the original by discovering that the original was already dead. They read the original from the perspective of pure language, a language that would be entirely freed of the illusion of meaning.

Well, what can be said of Professor Hartman's prose is that it certainly is freed of the illusion of serious meaning. And yet people actually get paid for this sort of thing.

Mr. Kimball knows, but does not quite spell out, that what lies behind all of this chic academic criticism is a

vulgarly misunderstood moment in technical philosophy. Many of the major philosophers of the Enlightenment were concerned with defining the term "knowing." Bishop Berkeley asked how we "know" that a tree fell in the forest if we did not hear it. David Hume asked how we "know" that a struck billiard ball will move. It does not suffice that it has moved a thousand times before; we do not "know" that it will move next time. All we "know" is probability. Descartes's famous *Cogito* posits his existence on the basis that he thinks. He could just as well have circularly posited his thought on the basis of his existence. Locke wondered what color the world "is." As we see it? As a dog or a lobster sees it?

But these were analytical questions in philosophy. They were not practical or prudential questions. Neither Hume nor Berkeley, in practical life, would have walked in front of a coach-and-six. They were aristocrats in analytical epistemology.

The academic critics Kimball crucifies are confusing the analytical question with the practical question, confusing realms. Because a poem is read by a reader, they claim the reading is entirely subjective; asserting, in fact, an imperial subjectivity. Only within that sort of subjectivity can one be a "Marxist" or a "deconstructionist," or regard a male author writing with a fountain pen as committing some sort of sexual act, or speculate about what parts of the female anatomy inspired the novels of Jane Austen.

Literature exists in the practical realm, not in the realm of exquisite epistemology. Poems and novels exist, and not only in the reader's own mind. How do we "know" that? Try a sampling of reader opinion. You'll find that Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is not about the Chicago Cubs.

The philosopher Alfred North Whitehead once said a very interesting thing in the practical and prudential realm. He defined science as "intersubjectivity." He meant that a scientific fact is establishable apart from the epistemological conundrums.

The real epistemologists, such as Descartes, Hume, Locke, and Berkeley, would have laughed at our present-day bogus epistemologists posing as literary critics. In fact, Hume probably (no pun) played a pretty good game of billiards.

But why are the academicians at the Universities of Lagado trying to use a misunderstood epistemology to evade probability? Because only if they entirely subjectivize the real can they play Marxist games, of different sorts, inside their skulls. "At a time," as Mr. Kimball says, "when the student population at many colleges is becoming increasingly conservative, it is nothing less than an effort by left-leaning faculties and administrations to impose the politics and mindset of the Sixties by fiat."

It ain't gonna work, buster. Shakespeare and Keats have an existence much more potent than these new critics, and they'd better remember Ceausescu too. □

Of course the obvious reply—made partially in Gary Amos's *Defending the Declaration*—is that when Thomas Jefferson wrote those words he did not have in view the fevered political passions and monogrammed morality of the modern era.

We can pretty well guess, for instance, what would have happened had some social progressive of 1776 boldly set up a salacious "adult" display for the benefit of emotionally repressed colonists—arguing that this form of "free speech" was, after all, among the privileges for which the Founders had just pledged their sacred honor. Not only would the social visionary have had a little chat with a magistrate on the meaning of "speech"—not to mention "adulthood"—he'd probably have been put on display himself for a purgative beating in the village square. The idea that "the pursuit of happiness" might be invoked as justification for the worship of Tolerance over Justice, a motto for the abortion culture, was about as close to the Founders' designs as Monticello is to the Playboy Mansion.

One knows this, and yet it's quite another matter calmly to present all the historical evidence for inspection by the libertine angrily asserting his "Jeffersonian" mandate—a task Mr. Amos has done admirably.

First, he writes, the Declaration does not promise we will *obtain* happiness, merely that we're free to pursue it. An obvious enough point, but it's useful to learn that Jefferson had before him a copy of the Virginia Constitution and rejected its more utopian promise of "pursuing and obtaining happiness."

More to the point, Mr. Amos contends, by "happiness" the Declaration meant—and means still—that "sense of well-being and blessedness in [man's] earthly existence that comes with obeying the laws of his Creator." The Founders used "happiness" in the same sense in which they themselves and all good men had always pursued it: the classical and Christian sense of "right living" in accord with the self-evident truths written into man's nature. The sort of happiness, as Lincoln would later add, that a slaveowner lazing about the plantation while others earned his bread could never

Mr. Scully is NR's new assistant literary editor.

'Sacred Honor' and Sacrilege

MATTHEW SCULLY

FAR FROM being the great end of government, "the pursuit of happiness" is supposed to be one of those ideals, like "social progress" or perpetual world peace, upon which the conservative looks with sus-

Defending the Declaration: How the Bible Influenced the Writing of the Declaration of Independence, by Gary T. Amos (Wolgemuth & Hyatt, 235 pp., \$14.95)

picion. It was not merely a vain promise the Founders enshrined in our Dec-

laration, so this criticism goes, but moral sanction for the unbridled voluptuaries of our day inflamed by ever more destructive appetites—"chasing their happiness out an upper-story window" (in the classic imagery of Malcolm Muggeridge), never mind who might happen to be standing below. Worse, argue Muggeridge and others, this hollow promise only tempts the inevitable failures in that pursuit to blame their empty lives on society, thus elevating the common malcontent to the moral status of the Dispossessed.

know. In fact it turns out—assuming Mr. Amos, an attorney and instructor at Virginia's CBN University, has his shades of meaning straight—that the Latin equivalent for happy is *beatus* as in the Beatitudes.



Such strong language as “self-evident truths” ought to have persuaded the liberal sophist, providing his usual intellectual front for the libertine, to stay far away from the entire subject and concentrate on the more gratifying project of “updating” the Constitution. But dishonesty is a hard habit to shake, and so in Mr. Amos’s footnotes we find the usual advocates of the broad interpretation, the allowance for “changing values,” making an equally eloquent case for honoring the original intent of our supposedly irreligious, relativistic Founders. As most undergraduates soon discover, modern scholarship has declared “self-evident” truths to mean, upon closer textual examination, truths relative to that less enlightened time. “Supreme Judge” signifies something closer to “world opinion.” And “nature and nature’s God” clearly refers to just plain Nature. Those tiresome religious references, we’re assured by one liberal historian cited here, were just so much rhetorical decoration, impressive in its day but now best forgotten or stored away in America’s “poetic attic.”

Happily for us, as Mr. Amos proves in this small book, all the embarrassing old junk that liberals are furiously stuffing into the historical trunks was coveted, and used, by Jefferson himself. And so too, it turns out, by the philosopher assumed to have most influenced the Founders—John Locke. That name is revered by Enlightenment idolaters for the fearful beating

he dealt the pious Sir Robert Filmer in his *First Treatise on Government*, settling for all time the issue of the divine right of kings. And yet the really significant thing about that great book, Mr. Amos observes, is that Locke did so not by refuting the Bible but by arguing *from* the Bible.

John Locke the sternly rationalist, anti-Christian hero is a fabrication, writes Mr. Amos, a “lie” put about by secular historians to downplay America’s Judaeo-Christian lineage. Here, after all, was a man who followed his *First Treatise* with another work called *The Reasonableness of Christianity*, and believed innocently that the eternal moral truths were so obvious, so self-evident, that “none could be so brutish as to deny” them. And as for Jefferson, call him a naturalist or a deist or whatever, says Mr. Amos, but how many other Presidents spent their evenings in the White House clipping out favorite sayings of Christ

to paste in a notebook, with the aim of keeping “clear moral judgment”?

A question persists, though. If the Founders were such devout Christians, why didn’t they use more explicit language than vague terms like “Providence” and “Supreme Judge”?

For the same reason, answers Mr. Amos, that even the authors of the Mayflower Compact used no Christian references: because they were truly reverent men, not given to tossing about the name of their Maker. “While acknowledging God was considered every man’s moral duty,” he explains, “it was deemed inappropriate to use the divine name casually or with the appearance of too much familiarity.” He might also have included the example of Theodore Roosevelt, who opposed using “In God We Trust” on our currency only because it was *insufficiently* reverent. A good lesson there, for the liberal historian as for everyone else. □

The Chesterton Difference

GEORGE J. MARLIN

AS A biographer, G. K. Chesterton sought to capture the essence of his subjects. Instead of being mere descriptions of chronological events, his works were sparkling and incisive. Granted, they often contained historical inaccuracies, and only Chesterton would dare write A

Gilbert: The Man Who Was G. K. Chesterton, by Michael Coren (Paragon House, 320 pp., \$22.95)

History of England without mentioning a date; but this did not concern him, for in his view most facts were incidental. Chesterton was far more concerned with the spiritual and philosophical creeds that inspired men.

When he began dictating *St. Thomas Aquinas* (1933), his research for the project consisted of a very casual perusal of a few books by the Angelic Doctor. His publishers, Frank Sheed and Maisie Ward, were concerned that GKC’s efforts might result in a light-

weight treatment of a very complex philosopher. Their concern was unfounded. After reading the manuscript, Etienne Gilson, this century’s leading Thomist, declared Chesterton “one of the deepest thinkers who ever existed,” and his volume “without possible comparison the best book ever written on St. Thomas.”

In *Gilbert: The Man Who Was G. K. Chesterton*, British journalist Michael Coren exhibits the traits that one admires most in his subject’s own biographies, and helps restore Chesterton’s reputation as a literary genius and defender of orthodoxy. Coren gives an intimate, lively view of GKC’s relationships and rows with Shaw, Belloc, Wells, and Beerbohm. And because his book targets controversial aspects of Chesterton’s life, it is likely that self-proclaimed Chesterton scholars—a group Chesterton would find amusing—will frown upon Coren’s approach. But that’s a good sign, for the scholars are content only when Chesterton is rendered languid.

Coren, Jewish by birth and a convert to Catholicism in 1986, thoroughly examines Chesterton’s alleged anti-Semitism. In his view, “when Gil-

Mr. Marlin is general editor of the *Collected Works of G. K. Chesterton* (Ignatius Press). His most recent book is *The Quotable Fulton Sheen*.

bert was left to relate to Jewish people, away from the insidious influence of Belloc and brother Cecil, he usually left a noble impression."

At times Chesterton's sense of humor appeared insensitive to Jews, but, as Coren points out, "it was fashionable to joke about Jewish influence and Jewish characteristics and Gilbert gave in to the meager temptations of a vile fashion." Throughout his life, Chesterton was often cavalier toward other people's feelings—not out of viciousness, but because he expected others to have as thick a hide as his own.

Those who came in contact with Chesterton recognized his deep-rooted belief in the dignity and sanctity of the person. This explains why he was venerated by George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, men who vehemently disagreed with his social and political views. It is no surprise that after meeting GKC in Jerusalem, Chaim Weizmann became an admirer.

Chesterton believed that the New Order in Germany was a manifestation of profound evil. As early as 1934 he wrote an anti-Nazi pamphlet declaring, "thousands of Jews have recently been rabbled or ruined or driven from their homes. . . . I do indeed despise the Hitlerites."

The Wiener Library, the archive of anti-Semitism and Holocaust history in London, considered Chesterton a friend and recently reported:

The difference between social and philosophical anti-Semitism is something which is not fully understood. . . . With Chesterton we've never thought of a man who was seriously anti-Semitic on either count. . . . He was not an enemy, and when the real testing time came along he showed what side he was on.

Coren's is the third Chesterton biography in eight years. Its publication indicates a resurging interest in the great man. Why the revival? Perhaps GKC gave the answer when he wrote in *A Handful of Authors*:

We have all heard of prophets and poets being unpopular; and also of unpopularity as a thing that may purify the soul. But there is this further and rather odd fact—that every great man must go through a period of unpopularity, not while he is alive, but shortly after he is dead. That after eclipse is essential because in that is settled the difference between temporary and eternal oblivion.

The prophet and the quack are alike admired for a generation, and admired for the wrong reasons. Then they are both forgotten, for no reason at all. But if the man is a mere quack he never returns. If he is a great man he returns, and he returns for the right reasons.

Chesterton returns because he prophesied, almost a century ago, that the modernist proposals would lead to

the dehumanization of man and the annihilation of the family. He knew that the person is not the dross of history, but a spiritual entity of ultimate importance. Chesterton returns because man has begun to understand the belief expressed by his sleuth, Father Brown: "All men matter. You matter. I matter. It is the hardest thing in theology to believe." □

Getting the Core

M. D. AESCHLIMAN

C. S. LEWIS was "a remarkable man who has had, and is having, a profound effect on the modern world," wrote Lewis's friend and former student George Sayer in his biography *Jack: C. S. Lewis and His Times* (1988). A. N. Wilson's new biography presents evidence to sup-

C. S. Lewis: A Biography, by A. N. Wilson (Norton, 334 pp., \$22.50)

port this contention, and is always worthy of its subject—being thorough, judicious, and beautifully written.

Lewis's immense popularity as a writer—about two million copies of his books are sold every year—is not without its critics and enemies. To begin with, as Wilson shows, many of Lewis's Oxford colleagues bitterly resented the popularity of his radio talks during World War II, which were later published under the title *Mere Christianity*. This resentment probably had two sources—envy on the part of the obscure and esoteric for the intelligible and popular, and the contempt of left-wing logical positivists such as A. J. Ayer and his allies, and of Marxist scientists such as J. B. S. Haldane and J. D. Bernal, for a highly trained philosophical mind that articulated a profound, witty, and readable critique of all forms of scientific materialism. Liberals—religious and secular—profoundly dislike Lewis's continuing popularity, which, then as now, they see as a "cult."

Wilson is in no doubt that Lewis had a greatness to him, which was

Mr. Aeschliman, a lecturer in English literature at the University of Virginia, is the author of The Restitution of Man: C. S. Lewis and the Case against Scientism.



widely recognized by all sorts and conditions of people during his lifetime. Wilson gives impressive evidence to this effect. The eminent literature don and biographer Lord David Cecil, in Wilson's words, "always seized upon this fact when he spoke of Lewis. You felt you were in the presence—as Samuel Johnson's friends did—of someone who made his contemporaries feel like pygmies." Yet Lewis's kindness and generosity are also well documented. In his conduct as well as his thought the mature Lewis always struggled to harmonize classical and Christian ideals—gentility and sanctity in behavior, reason and revelation in thought. This is the goal of the greatest of our thinkers and writers—of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, of Dante, Hooker, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Pope, Johnson, Chesterton, Eliot. Lewis is of their company, as well as belonging to the larger and more democratic "blessed company of all faithful people."

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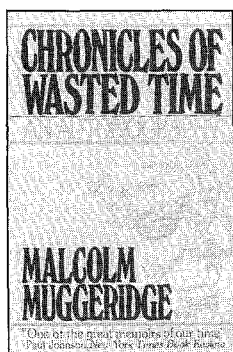
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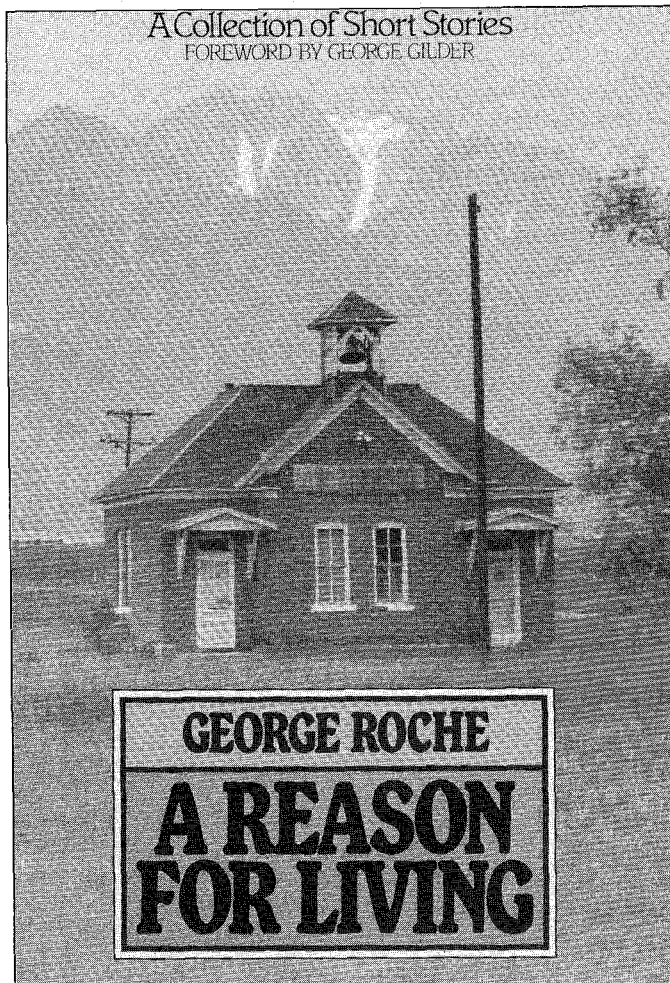
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A. N. Wilson is a splendid guide to Lewis's life, work, and character. Though he lacks the personal acquaintance with Lewis that previous biographers such as Sayer and Roger L.

Green and, to a lesser extent, Walter Hooper had, he makes up for this with a detailed, intimate knowledge of two major factors in Lewis's life—Oxford University and English literature. An

Oxford graduate and sometime literature don himself, Wilson is also a felicitously fluent writer and an accomplished biographer—of Milton, Sir Walter Scott, Tolstoy, and Hilaire Bel-

RIGHT BOOKS

■ **BORKING:** Perhaps the most galling domestic injustice of the Eighties was the deceptive campaign by which the Left denied Robert Bork a seat on the Supreme Court.

From Ted Kennedy's outrageous "In Robert Bork's America . . ." speech to Joe Biden's shameless manipulation of the approval process, the Bork case is a classic specimen for retrospective examination, a textbook example of what the Senate's role should *not* be in giving advice and consent on presidential nominations.

Bork's detailed judicial comments, to the press and in the hearings, were muffled by the smear campaigns of People for the American Way, NOW, and others of the left-wing coterie, who (wrongly) characterized Robert Bork as a judicial activist, but the wrong kind of judicial activist.

As important in the Bork story as the Left's distortions was the lackluster effort of conservative groups, which failed to take control of the debate. Some blame, of course, must go to Chief of Staff Howard Baker and to President Reagan himself, who apparently assumed Bork was a shoe-in.

In *Ninth Justice: The Fight for Bork* (Free Congress Research and Education Foundation, 340 pp., \$19.95), Patrick B. McGuigan and Dawn M. Weyrich provide an insider's view of the Bork battle. Intertwined among the events (up to the point of Anthony Kennedy's nomination) are the personal reflections, set off by italics, of Mr. McGuigan himself—mostly expressions of personal frustration. (Mr. McGuigan devoted his summer and fall to working for Bork's nomination on behalf of the Free Congress Foundation's Judicial Reform Project. Confusingly, although a co-author, he is often referred to in the third person.) For instance, McGuigan tells of the time a TV station pleaded with him for an interview, to which he finally agreed, putting off some more pressing work because the station promised a debate about Bork with Ralph Neas, head of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights and outspoken opponent of the nominee.

When the segment was scrapped because of "a time shortage," McGuigan blew up, accusing an innocent station intern of intentionally scrubbing the segment because of McGuigan's conservative views. Not all of this is relevant to the Bork case, and—as that intern would doubtless attest—Mr. McGuigan has an unfortunate way of blaming all misfortunes on politics.

Mr. McGuigan says in the preface that he hopes the book will be a rallying point for those who feel Bork was mistreated. But a rallying point for what? The book is simply an effort by two genuinely earnest Beltway conservatives to inform people that the authors themselves, and a poorly organized conservative movement, were outpoliticized.

Ninth Justice is actually less about the fight for Bork than about the dominance of liberal lobbies in the capital. And it raises one very troubling prospect: If the time comes for a Democratic President to nominate a Justice, will the Right act like the Left, and charge the liberal nominee with being the "wrong kind" of judicial activist?

—GEOFFREY MORRIS

■ Whittaker Chambers observed in his review of *Atlas Shrugged* [NR, Dec. 28, 1957] that her fiction "serves [Ayn] Rand to get her customers inside the tent, and as a soapbox for delivering her Message." What Mr. Chambers saw was someone who was so immersed in the self that she gradually was becoming a challenge to her own credibility. The movement that was born out of the fiction of Ayn Rand was objectivism. As William F. Buckley Jr. wrote in his obituary of Miss Rand [NR, April 2, 1982], "the philosophy she sought to launch [is] dead; it was in fact still-born." Nonetheless, it has a stubborn afterlife, as there is now a second edition of the *Introduction to Objectivist Epistemology* (New American Library, 336 pp., hardcover: \$19.95; paperback: \$9.95).

This book represents the persistent effort to establish objectivism in the annals of respectable philosophy,

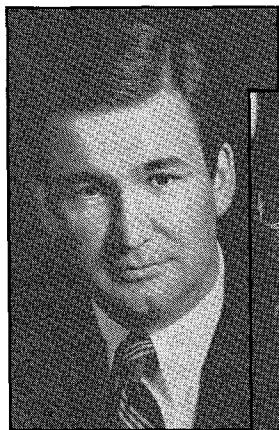
where it is not likely ever to be welcome. Objectivism is based on the worship of the self—there is no reality prior to the individual's understanding of it. All relationships are dependent on the interpretation of the individual, and naked self-interest is a positive virtue. There is no place for the Judeo-Christian ethic; self-sacrifice is out of court, and every emotion is to be accounted for and quantified. These principles represent the breaking point between Randianism and conservatism.

Introduction to Objectivist Epistemology has been received as a "bible" of Randianism. It describes the thought processes of Ayn Rand and her followers in painstaking detail. It is Ayn Rand on her "soapbox." The editors, Leonard Peikoff and Harry Binswanger, effectively use Miss Rand's texts to present a complete view of the objectivist philosophy, but somehow it still falls flat. I daresay that part of the problem is the authoritarian, condescending tone Miss Rand assumes in conversing with "a select group of professionals." There is a difference between self-assured rebuttals and sharp rebukes. Miss Rand tends strongly toward the latter, giving the impression that she suffers from an overactive defense mechanism.

For whom could such a work hold interest? The life and fiction of Ayn Rand intrigue many people, including many on the Right, and this may be enough to draw some to its pages. But if you fit into this category, be forewarned: this is strictly a philosophical study. It does not touch on the life and times of Ayn Rand, nor are there any comparisons drawn between her philosophy and her fiction. There may be a certain appeal for those who want to be assured of the validity of self-interest as a motivation, but for most readers, there is nothing to get them "into the tent." At bottom, the only ones likely to be satisfied by this book are the few remaining acolytes of the objectivist faith who crave a book that explicates the philosophy of the goddess of self-worship. For those few, it is still "the bible."

—ALLEN RANDOLPH

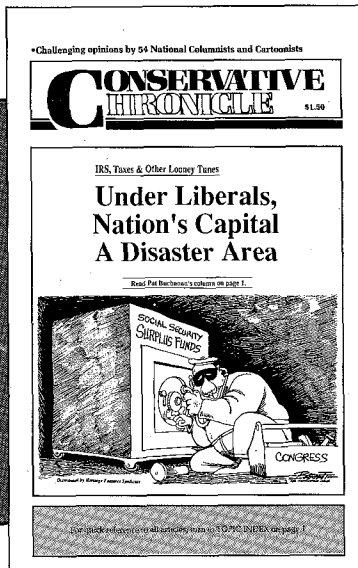
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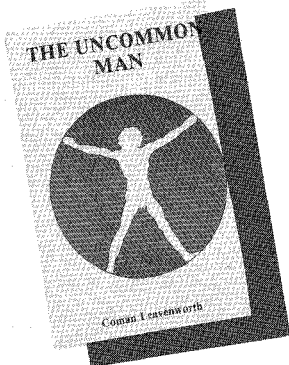
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The question presents itself: Can anything be done about this societal disease, or is it terminal? In the opinion of the author the prognosis is not propitious.

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loc. One rarely wishes to quarrel with his literary judgments, which are modestly but eloquently rendered.

If a fellow reader of and writer on Lewis has a quarrel with Wilson it is perhaps due to the inevitable limitation of Wilson's fluent belletrism. In estimating the meaning, significance, and value of Lewis's philosophical writing, Wilson is, I think, out of his depth, and thus too easily accepts as final the philosophical authority of the school of Wittgenstein. He seems unaware of certain philosophical views that are in many ways inspired by or akin to Lewis's own, and he fails adequately to express the greatness of Lewis's *The Abolition of Man* (1943). Discussing *Pilgrim's Regress* (1933), he notes that the "subtitle is *An Allegorical Apology for Christianity, Reason, and Romanticism*, and it is important to remember that for Lewis the three things went together." But Wilson does not give the provenance of Lewis's Christian "rationalism," nor does he realize that it is still alive—in fact, gaining strength in recent years. Someone once mentioned to Lewis his similarity to the French Thomists Jacques Maritain and Etienne Gilson, and asked him if he too had been influenced by St. Thomas. Lewis replied that he and St. Thomas had had the same teacher—Aristotle.

Wilson rightly stresses the Platonist influence on Lewis—from Plato himself, through Spenser and Milton, right down to modern neo-Platonists such as W. R. Inge, though he would

have done well to consult James Patrick's *The Magdalen Metaphysicals*. But the influence of Aristotle, by way of Richard Hooker, Samuel Johnson, and, in a more intuitive way, Jane Austen and G. K. Chesterton, needs discussion, for this Aristotelian Christian rationalism is still alive and fruitful, at Oxford and elsewhere, among both Catholics and Protestants.

During the era of logical-positivist domination of philosophy departments throughout the English-speaking world, *The Abolition of Man* was a profound, salutary antidote, and it is so still, even after the weakening of that "black Baal." Short and dense as it is, it is one of the great books of the twentieth century. To see the continuing relevance of one of its main points, one can quote the Polish ex-positivist and ex-Marxist Leszek Kolakowski, writing in 1982: "Scientism, far from being a logical conclusion inferable from the body of scientific knowledge, is an ideology stating that cognitive value is defined by the proper application of scientific methods." William Barrett called it *The Illusion of Technique*. Lewis understood this early on, and he also knew, with another philosopher, that "the only way to avoid metaphysics is to say nothing."

I once attended a course of lectures on St. John's Gospel given in Oxford by an eminent English New Testament scholar. He disapprovingly mentioned Lewis's attacks on modern Biblical scholarship, on the "historical-critical method." But toward the

NOW SHOWING

Born on the Fourth of July, directed by the unlikable Oliver Stone, is a gripping, unrelenting, and extremely powerful work. Its shortcomings evaporate from memory; its strengths are indelible. Tom Cruise is altogether impressive as the bitter vet, who turns from clean-cut hawk into hippie war protestor.

Camille Claudel is the rather faithfully reported story of Rodin's mistress. As biography it rates a 9½; as a film, roughly a 5. Isabelle Adjani and Gérard Depardieu are mostly effective, and the best cinematography I have seen all year makes it, for me, a must.

Driving Miss Daisy transfers an intimate three-character play to the screen

without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. As played by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, Miss Daisy and her chauffeur are infinitely rich in shading.

Glory takes too many liberties with history, but it is worth watching for the performances of Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, and Morgan Freeman; consummate ensemble acting.

My Left Foot is an unsentimental portrayal of an Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot. Daniel Day Lewis gives a performance of awesome authenticity leavened with roguish, iconoclastic wit.

—JOHN SIMON

Mr. Simon's next review will run in the May 14 issue.

end of one of his final lectures he referred to Lewis's sermon "The Weight of Glory." "He got it there," said the scholar: "I think he really got the core

of Christianity there." It is the great merit of A. N. Wilson's biography of Lewis to have facilitated access to *his* core. □

Inventing Selves

GEORGE G. MCCARTNEY

A MERICAN fiction has been one long argument with the peculiarly American dream of self-invention. As citizens of a nation wrested from wilderness, we've always

The Homestead, by Chilton Williamson Jr. (Grove Weidenfeld, 255 pp., \$18.95)

wanted to believe in our ability to remake ourselves and the environment. Yet almost from the beginning our novels have questioned this presumption. From Ahab to Gatsby to Raymond Carver's sad, anomic voices,

Mr. McCartney is a professor at St. John's University.

we've gone from raging self-assertion to plaintive sigh, first searching for, than despairing of the dream of perpetual renewal.

Chilton Williamson Jr., former literary editor of this magazine, has powerfully revived the argument, first in *Desert Light*, and now in *The Homestead*. He has created characters too large for despair and too angry with America's current demoralization not to be tempted by the dream of self-sufficiency. In his fictional outback town, Fontennelle, Wyoming, he has placed these figures at the intersection of America's horsetrail past and macadamized present, an ideal setting for such men to work out their destinies.

A Williamson hero is first and fore-

most distinctive. He does not meet the usual standards of American likability; is not what you'd call a go-along guy. He is *angry*. Stoked, in fact, with a fury that's positively sulphurous. *The Homestead's* Sam Houston Walker is consumed by it.

When we first meet Sam, he has been living in Zambia for ten years, a refugee from his neurotically tormented family who have lived just outside Fontennelle for several generations. He had left to find the honesty and immediacy of a real wilderness. He became a big-game hunter. He reads Hemingway, and has tried to recreate himself as a Hemingway character. In *The Green Hills of Africa* Hemingway recommended living without "history or mystery," and this is what Sam believes he has accomplished. Embracing a desperate existentialism, he has attempted to exorcise a troubled past by living in a radically foreshortened present. "This worship of the past," he reflects at one point, "accomplishes nothing but the castration of the present moment, which consists of pure Action and is therefore the only reality we know or

The Scene: A college campus, a party in full swing. The Sound: The latest, a rap music routine. The Lyrics: Aristotle's *Categories*, Chapter I.

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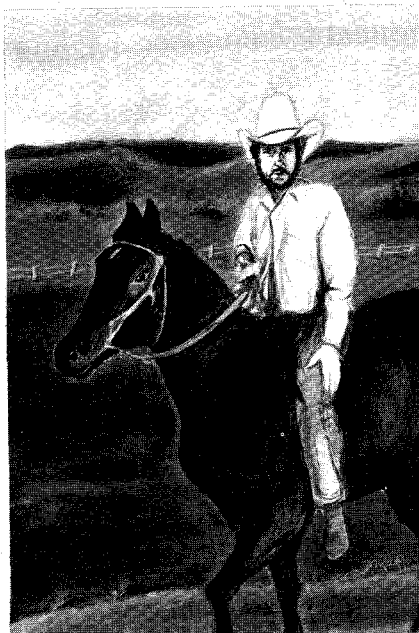
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have." Life without the emotional baggage of family ties, traditional values, romantic attachments—it's simple, clean, direct. Put to the test, however, Sam's philosophy proves utterly false.

When his sister telegraphs him that his younger brother, Jack, may be tried for murder, Sam's first response is macho indifference. Would wiring flowers suffice, he wonders. But this is a pose. He's forced to recognize that although he is ten years and nine thousand miles away from his family, he has never really escaped them.

Once home, he learns the details of his brother's legal problems. Jack has beaten a man nearly to death in what he claims was self-defense against a trespasser. Bad as this is, there are further complications. The man was an employee of Ameroil, the giant oil



concern whose development plans the Walker family has opposed, steadfastly refusing to sell it right-of-way for a pipeline.

Sam finds himself in the middle of just the kind of political intrigue he has spent the last ten years avoiding. The town's officials and businessmen, the Chamber of Commerce and Kiwanis Club crowd support Ameroil's growing presence in the region. Ignoring the impact the oil company's operations will have on the environment, they focus on economic opportunities the influx of workers will provide. They're even planning to celebrate by building a new town hall. An architectural rendering shows this to be "a self-consciously modernistic horror of Bauhaus descent," prompting one

character to wonder why it is that so many small-town officials "boast of the wholesomeness" of their way of life "while working beaverishly to urbanize it." Needless to say, Sam's brother has no fans among these fast-buck entrepreneurs.

At first, Sam feels nothing but contempt for both the town's officials and his brother. Not without cause, he considers Jack a trouble-making drunk. But, slowly, as he finds out more, he's forced to change his mind. In so doing, he takes a closer and unsettling look at himself.

Sam's transformation resembles the kind of belated realizations Joseph Conrad's characters experience. The most obvious parallel is with the narrator of Conrad's "The Secret Sharer," a fledgling captain who, on the eve of his first voyage, extols "the great security of sea as compared with the unrest of the land" and rejoices that he has chosen an "untempted life presenting no disquieting problems, invested with an elementary moral beauty by the absolute straightforwardness of its appeal and by the singleness of its purpose." Sam indulges a similar presumption. He wants nothing less than to take control of his destiny, and believes he can best do so by leaving civilized complications behind, finding his second chance beyond the boundaries of the fallen world. But his attempt proves as futile as that of Conrad's young captain. Turning from duplicity in others, both find themselves haunted by their darker doubles. Sam is at last forced to recognize in his brother a version of the self he had betrayed and left behind ten years before. Despite the American dream of self-invention, Williamson suggests, we turn away from the past at our own peril. There's no future worth having unless we take responsibility for the past.

Williamson has done something refreshing in his novels. He has opened an unexpected region of realistic hope in American fiction when everywhere else an easy despair is the fashion. His characters arrive in Fontennelle disillusioned, expecting to purge their poisoned past and begin their lives over again, instantly and painlessly. Instead, they discover that genuine renewal is possible only for those willing to go through a painful rebirth that doesn't cancel the past but rather redeems it. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM/ Kem Putney

1 N	2 D	3 R		4 C	5 J	6 T	7 H	8 A	9 P		10 K	11 L	12 I	13 D		14 G	15 B		16 R	17 C	18 H
	19 F	20 N	21 J	22 S	23 P	24 K		25 E	26 D		27 M	28 Q		29 L	30 H	31 I	32 P		33 G	34 A	35 B
36 F	37 E	38 T	39 U	40 R	41 N	42 M		43 S	44 C		45 E	46 I	47 N		48 Q	49 O	50 G	51 T	52 R	53 J	54 A
55 C	56 H		57 M	58 R	59 B	60 N	61 O	62 F	63 D	64 E	65 U		66 K	67 O	68 S		69 B	70 H	71 A	72 P	73 T
74 J	75 F	76 R	77 D		78 Q	79 F		80 J	81 B	82 G		83 M	84 P	85 N	86 Q	87 B	88 A	89 H	90 I	91 G	92 F
93 P	94 L		95 F	96 E	97 K	98 C	99 R	100 T	101 O	102 S	103 N		104 C	105 D	106 G	107 I	108 M		109 R	110 H	111 E
112 K	113 J	114 I	115 U		116 N	117 P	118 O	119 B	120 Q	121 K	122 A		123 E	124 O	125 D	126 G	127 C		128 D	129 T	130 F
	131 A	132 C	133 E	134 U	135 N	136 F	137 D	138 P	139 B	140 K		141 M	142 E	143 I		144 S	145 J	146 U		147 S	148 C
149 E	150 J	151 D	152 L	153 B	154 P	155 N	156 O		157 N	158 G	159 D	160 Q	161 L		162 J	163 R	164 T		165 H	166 R	
167 R	168 J	169 D		170 L	171 O	172 H	173 A	174 F	175 I	176 C	177 M	178 N	179 T								

DEFINITIONS

- | | | | |
|---|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| A. Scattered body of Jewry | 173 54 122 8 131 34 88 71 | K. Underwriter's numbers man | 66 121 24 112 97 10 140 |
| B. One kind of success | 15 69 87 119 35 153 59 81 139 | L. Cowardly, colorfully | 161 94 29 152 11 170 |
| C. Where Jackson beat the British in 1815 (2 words) | 176 127 104 17 132 98 148 55 44 4 | M. Mentor | 27 177 141 83 108 42 57 |
| D. Men's store | 105 125 151 63 159 13 128 26 2 169 | N. Chance | 60 116 135 157 47 85 178 1 155 103 |
| | 137 77 | | 41 20 |
| E. The other side | 111 123 149 133 64 37 45 25 96 142 | O. Brainy Albert | 124 101 156 49 61 118 171 67 |
| F. Shyness | 19 92 79 36 75 130 136 62 95 174 | P. Pugnacious | 154 84 117 72 23 9 138 93 32 |
| G. Euphoric | 82 126 50 91 158 14 106 33 | Q. Idle | 78 160 120 28 86 48 |
| H. Seaport in northern England | 172 70 89 7 110 18 30 165 56 | R. Not appropriate for a tailor! | 163 52 109 3 166 99 76 167 58 40 |
| I. Daniel's companion, who met a fiery fate | 31 114 12 143 175 90 107 46 | | 16 |
| J. Considerate | 53 168 162 150 113 145 80 21 5 74 | S. Went wild | 147 43 102 144 22 68 |
| | | T. Harping, carping | 179 164 6 73 38 51 129 100 |
| | | U. Park in Colorado | 146 134 115 39 65 |

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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A Welcome To The Police Corps

NEW YORK, APRIL 4

Adam Walinsky, the bright lawyer who once aligned himself with Senator Robert Kennedy, came up some while ago with a novel idea for recruiting crime-fighters, and last year his idea for a Police Corps was introduced in Senate bill 1299 under august sponsorship. This included Senators Specter, Sasser, Bradley, Rudman, Lott, Heinz, Coats, Dodd, Lieberman, Reid, Bumpers, Boren, and Heflin. After a little parliamentary maneuvering, Senator Joe Biden annexed the bill and added to it everything dear to his ideological heart except maybe a call for a National Biden Day, antagonizing some of the measure's original sponsors. But now, repristinated under its original sponsorship, it is headed back for consideration and for a vote, and should receive the respectful attention of every American who feels himself less safe in the streets than, say, forty years ago: which means every American this side of those who inhabit Carthusian monasteries.

There is no doubt that we suffer from a shortage of policemen. And a corresponding increase in crime. To cite only the figures for New York City (which, by the way, is not, per capita, the most crime-ridden city in the nation): in 1951, 244 homicides; in 1988, 1,896. Rapes during the same period, up from 904 to 3,912; robberies, up from 7,004 to 86,578. This translates to 3.2 police officers per felony committed back in 1951, to 6.1 felonies committed per police officer today. And the principal reason given for the shortage of police is the difficulty in recruiting men (and women) of desired quality and educational background; and the considerable expense of a seasoned policeman.

It is the idea of a Police Corps Bill to reach out to one hundred thousand college students and to treat them, for all intents and purposes, as we now treat ROTC students. The deal would be as follows: If Johnny agrees to serve in the

Police Corps, he can borrow up to \$10,000 per year while in college, during which he will study whatever he wishes to study, but will devote the entire summer after his junior year to special training in police work. After he graduates, he is committed to spending four years in the Police Corps. At the end of those four years' service, his accumulated college debt is canceled. If he should step out of the program before his four years' service, the government's guarantee of that debt is canceled, and Johnny is faced with a \$40,000 bill, plus interest.

The cost of paying him while he is in the Police Corps will fall to the city that hires him. But given that he will not be in senior status, or eligible for pensions, this comes to about 70 per cent of the cost of a police officer recruited through normal channels. Plus whatever advantage is to be got from deploying a college graduate. The typical policeman in our cities earns \$40,000 per year. The pension cost alone in a city like New York is \$19,000 a year per person.

The cost to the government is a negligible, by current standards, \$1.4 billion per year for the entire program. The single opposing body, during the time already given to considering the Police Corps, has been the National Association of Police Officers. But all other associations of policemen have endorsed the plan, as have public officials and public figures, including union leaders and



"I don't mind Gorbachev being President as long as it doesn't mean Raisa is First Lady."

businessmen, law-school deans, and the Federal Law Enforcement Officers Association. President Bush's explicit endorsement of the idea was scheduled to be revealed immediately after his second debate with Governor Dukakis, and he was restrained from doing so only by the advice of his tactical lieutenants, who argued that he had done so well on that battleground he should not distract attention from the evanescence of Michael Dukakis.

What we have here, really, is a self-contained division of the idea of National Service. It is unorthodox in that it asks for four years' service instead of the one year we usually hear about; and the corresponding cost is a bit higher. But the exception ought not to detract from the support the idea is entitled to. To the extent a human being can't be safer than he now is, living and working and recreating in an American city, that person is being deprived of his rights under the first ten amendments to the Constitution, and under the Fourteenth Amendment. Mr. Walinsky's bright and engaging idea for relief should be welcomed with enthusiasm. □

Whom to Search?

NEW YORK, MARCH 21

Some years ago when I served in the United Nations as a delegate I learned of the super hush-hush event of the previous day. We had an informer from a Caribbean country who had never misinformed: he had something like a thousand batting average. If he whispered over the telephone that Mr. John Abraham, flying in to JFK on Eastern flight 806 from XYZ was bringing in a pound or two of coke or heroin, Mr. Abraham would walk down the gangway of the plane into the hands of softspoken but quite resolute gentlemen who would lead him into a private room where he and his baggage would be searched. And, somewhere, the narcs would find the pound or two of dope.

But what happened (I write as of 1973) was that said informant made his whispered telephone call, and the Mr. Abraham on this particular flight was an ambassador of the Caribbean country to the UN. He walked down the gangway and was led into a private room and there told: Sorry, Mr. Ambassador, but we want your loot, and it's easier for us and for you if you just hand it over.

Great indignation! Of course he had no dope on him.

And so the search began. Nothing in

the baggage. But the narc spotted a suspicious bulge in the right shoulder pad of the ambassador's suit, and with fine scissors, over sibilant protests, cut the threads and discovered—nothing. At this point the narcs called the State Department and asked would it be okay if they proceeded with a strip search. The State Department thought about it and said, No. Meanwhile the ambassador was yelling and screaming about how his country would declare war on the United States, that he was going to call a press conference the next day. What happened the next day was: nothing. The ambassador stayed around for a week or so and then slid back home. We didn't know, never would, whether he was carrying the stuff somewhere in the recesses of his person, whether he had smelled trouble and ditched it on the airplane: or whether, this one time, the informant had been mistaken. So it goes.

The American Civil Liberties Union is up in arms because professional narcs are trained to identify, and then detain and search, "types" of people who are likelier than other types to be smuggling drugs. The problem is that the people who tend to get searched tend to be black or Hispanic. Now, current sociological protocols tell us that we must not be presumptively skeptical of anybody for any reason connected with race or color. But of course, presumptions which need absolutely to be observed in establishing guilt or innocence cannot realistically be observed when on the prowl for suspects. The Supreme Court last year authorized the stopping and checking of suspects but used language of the type that affects not to know what is going on. The Court said that "behavior" was legitimate reason for stopping someone, but on no account could such "behavior" be related to race. In other words, if two 25-year-olds are stalking a presidential candidate, one of them looks like Robert Redford, the second like Sirhan Sirhan, and there is time to stop and question only one of the two, one must not incline to stop Sirhan Sirhan rather than Robert Redford. The police nod their heads when they hear this, and proceed to stop Sirhan Sirhan. The *New York Times* reports that the *Mississippi Sun Herald* last December examined police files on people stopped and searched on Interstate 10. "Of 57 stops, 55 involved Hispanic or black people who drove cars with Texas or Florida license plates." And then a statistician discovers that on a stretch of the New Jersey Turnpike, 4.7 per cent of the traffic was late-model cars with out-of-state license plates driven by black males, but 80 per cent of

the arrests on the highway fit that description. And a teaching tape used by the Texas Department of Public Safety shows an officer explaining to recruits that most drug couriers are black or Hispanic. "Every once in a while we get a white subject smuggling," an officer explains; "but he's the exception."

You have here a classical collision between abstract propositions and empirical knowledge. There is no way, short of auto-hypnosis, to avoid knowing that there are eight crimes committed by blacks for every one by a white—which, it is important to add, says nothing about why this should be so. And if the narcs are going to pursue their appointed task of stopping the tide they will need to be guided by experience, not by egalitarian taxonomy. □

Dark Hours For Mrs. Thatcher

NEW YORK, MARCH 19

The other night on *Saturday Night Clive*, which is London's equivalent of our late-Saturday irreverence, the host advised the audience that Mrs. Thatcher had explained during the week the mediocre performance of the economy in the month of February in terms "so simple as to be understandable to schoolchildren." Flash to Mrs. Thatcher on tape.

Mrs. T: "Well, you need to take into account the preceding month because . . ." There followed a sequence of paralogistic thought that reminded one of President Eisenhower when, at a press conference, he faced problems. The difference between them being, of course, that General Eisenhower was never thought to have got things exactly straight, in the world of economics; whereas Mrs. Thatcher has more or less specialized in economics during her long reign, seeking to reverse the ill fortune her predecessors brought to Merrie Olde progressively indigent England. Clive James cut her off after a minute or two and got wild laughter by saying that her answer had been sent to the London School of Economics for analysis.

Mrs. Thatcher is in quite bad shape politically, the issue that has brought her the most revile being the "poll tax," which has nothing to do with what we call a poll tax. It is a flat tax of sorts, replacing property tax. The idea is that everyone who lives in England, whether or not he owns property, is receiving services that have to be paid for. The police, the army, the doctors, the firemen,

and the bureaucrats are there to serve you irrespective of whether you pay property tax. Let the "councils," Mrs. Thatcher emphasized, when she bludgeoned in the new system, set an appropriate "rate" of taxation for anyone who lives under their jurisdiction; then let everyone pay the specified rate. Now the effect of the new system is headline-catching in its implications. It means (for instance) that Princess Margaret Rose, inhabiting her twenty-room palace in the heart of London, will be paying the flat rate of a few hundred pounds, instead of the £20,000 to £30,000 she had been paying under the old system. Conversely, the propertyless renter, who had been paying nothing directly, will find himself billed £700, or whatever.

These disparities make for very nice columns, cartoons, and rhetoric, and not much attention has been paid to that part of the poll-tax plan that would reimburse the truly indigent something like 80 per cent of what they are nominally charged. And the effect has been catastrophic to Mrs. Thatcher's popularity.

Now any country that can ditch Winston Churchill is certainly capable of ditching Margaret Thatcher, so that the vicissitudes of life in a democracy tell us nothing very much. On the whole, Mrs. Thatcher has done more for her country's economy than any other prime minister of the century. It can't be denied that she is imperious in manner. To invert the famous derogation of Clement Attlee ("He has much to be modest about"), it can be said of her, and should be, that she has a lot to be proud about. This does not excuse, in the mind of the exasperated listener, her habit of making her points in accents one would expect of a teacher who held a big ruler in her hand. But Mrs. Thatcher is Mrs. Thatcher, and antagonizing personal mannerisms are the kind of thing no one takes exception to in a public figure except when one is otherwise offended by him. If Mrs. Thatcher, who has almost two years to go before needing to call an election, succeeds in taming inflation, reducing interest rates, and cutting the monthly mortgage payments of the many householders who own property because of her policies, things could change for her, as they have changed for her in the past. Mr. Neil Kinnock, the leader of the Labor Party, profits from the poll tax. But he profits primarily from the diminished threat of Soviet imperialism, which threat would not have diminished if he and other unilateral-disarmament types had been running Europe during the past few years. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

■ George Bush isn't the only one in trouble over Lithuania. Another is Senator Paul Simon (D., Ill.), who led the March 21 floor fight against Senator Jesse Helms's resolution urging the President to recognize that country's independence; the measure also criticized the USSR for attempting to "suppress democracy" there. Since the Honorable Mr. Simon is the Senate's point man on Lithuanian issues, his opposition was critical in bringing about the unexpected 59 to 36 defeat.

What makes Mr. Simon's move puzzling is that he is up for re-election this year in a state that is home to 160,000 Lithuanian-Americans, many of whom blitzed his office with angry calls and telegrams after the vote. Meanwhile, the Senate, embarrassed by news that Soviet troops had begun moving through Vilnius, quickly came up with a similar resolution the next day, which passed 93 to 0. Mr. Simon explained it by saying that the original proposal gave the President little "flexibility," though to Cato it looked like another politician trying to have it both ways. His Republican challenger for the Senate, Representative Lynn Martin, has moved in quickly to exploit the blunder.

On the Hill, speculation is that the reason for Mr. Simon's stand had to do with the Simon-sponsored Support for East European Democracy Act of 1990 (SEED). The bill was drafted largely to grant the Soviet Union dozens of "SEED Program" benefits, including debt reduction and rescheduling, science and technology exchanges, Most Favored Nation trade status, and World Bank/IMF loans. The fly in the ointment is that any nation "not committed to respect for the democratic process" would be ineligible. Mr. Helms's resolution made clear that the Soviet Union is such a nation.

■ Meanwhile, Poland's new prime minister, Tadeusz Mazowiecki, came to Washington, where he spoke before the National Press Club. But the most

interesting thing about the event was not his speech but the presence on the dais of one Zygmunt Broniarek, a Communist apologist from way back. Until the recent change of government in Poland, Mr. Broniarek was Washington correspondent for the Party's *Trybuna Ludu* (*Tribune of the People*); now that the Party is defunct the paper has changed its name to simply *Trybuna*, and Mr. Broniarek still reports the party line faithfully from America even in the absence of an official Party. Ever the adaptable *ap-paratchik*, Mr. Broniarek has new business cards listing him as Washington correspondent for Poland's "No. 1 Opposition Daily Paper."

Our question is why this Party hack was put on the dais of the Press Club to honor Poland's first free prime minister in decades. Moreover, *The American Spectator's* Wladyslaw Pleszczynski points out that a few days earlier Mr. Broniarek had been invited to the White House dinner for Mr. Mazowiecki.

■ Back on the domestic front, White House Chief of Staff John Sununu is livid at the U.S. Catholic Conference (USCC) for its 11th-hour endorsement of the Democrats' child-care bill. The Conference, which is the lobbying arm of the U.S. bishops, had originally supported the conservative alternative sponsored by Representative Charles Stenholm (D., Tex.) but announced it now "had no position" at the end of a White House strategy session.



The Conference followed this up with a day-before-the-vote letter to congressmen announcing the USCC's support for the liberal Democratic bill that ironically cuts back funds available to religious-based child care. One lobbyist attributes eight switched Democratic votes to the USCC flip-flop. Add these to the ten Democrats that Minority Whip Newt Gingrich says would have been on his side had the vote been close, and the 15 votes the conservative alternative lacked for victory were there. So we're not surprised to hear that a steaming Governor Sununu called USCC officials to ream them for their backstabbing, which is familiar enough to conservative groups who have worked with them on issues such as tuition tax credits. They make us long for the Borgias.

■ In a more encouraging development, the AT&T Foundation's Jane Redfern announced that it was dropping support for Planned Parenthood. As readers might have guessed, this didn't happen by accident. The fight was led by the Christian Action Council, and Ms. Redfern's initial letters to the group insisted that AT&T's support for Planned Parenthood represented its "commitment to promoting family values," and that it was "proud" of such support. Proud, that is, until some customers started canceling their AT&T service and a shareholder put the issue on the agenda for the upcoming annual meeting. Encouraged by the reversal, the Christian Action Council is now targeting other blue-chip firms that support Planned Parenthood, including American Express, Pillsbury, Heinz, and General Mills. We'll keep you posted.

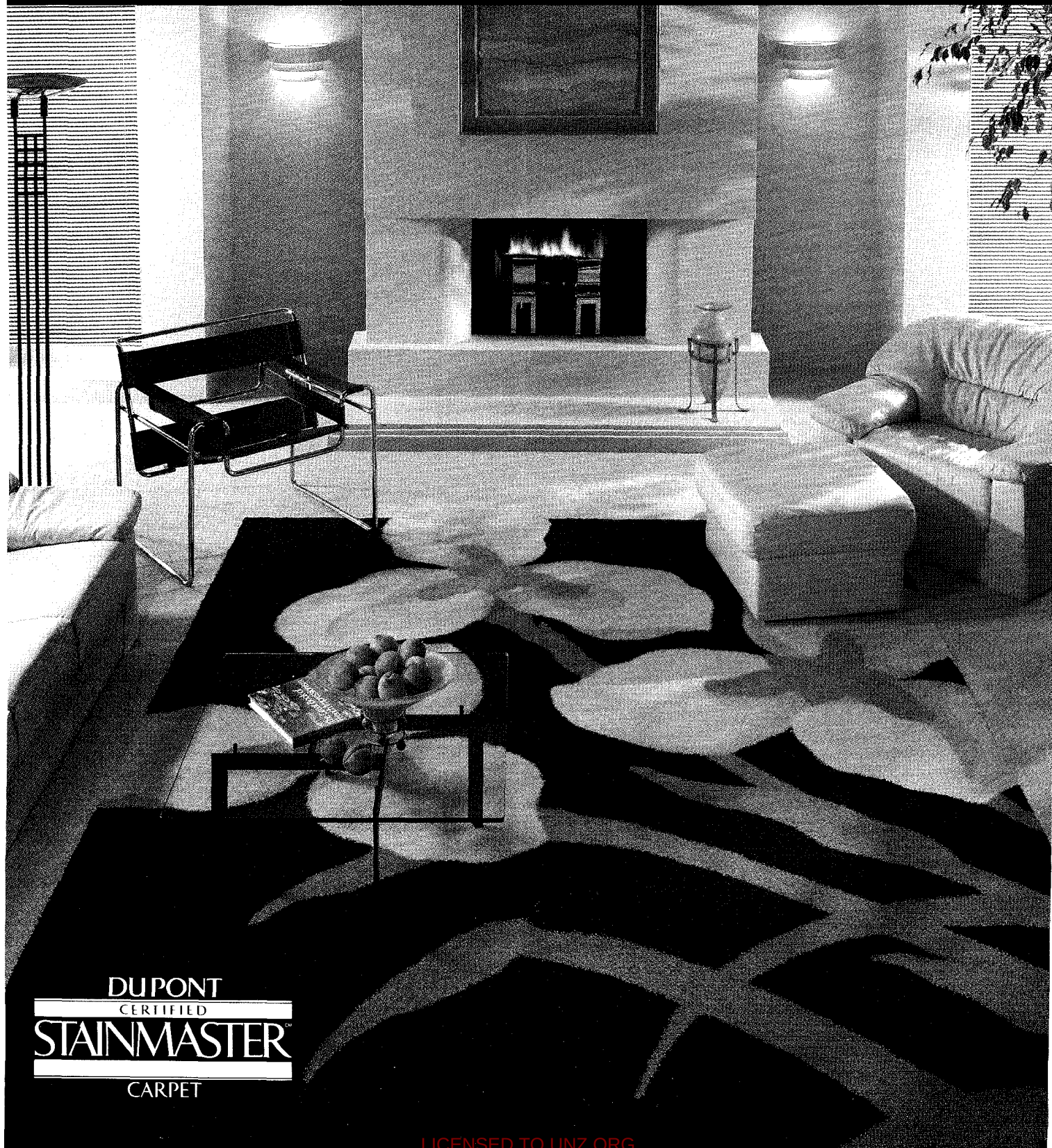
■ In Belgium, lawyers have been heading for the fine print now that King Baudouin I has refused to sign into law a bill opening the way for legalized abortion. In response, cabinet ministers simply suspended the king's power, signing the law themselves. Even more interesting, *The Wall Street Journal/Europe* had pointed to the coming crisis back in November, although none of the Belgian papers mentioned the king's stand. Paris may have been well worth a Mass, but there's at least one monarch who has put the unborn child ahead of Brussels. —CATO

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